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ROSE LEAVES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

My heart overflows with song,
As the rose's heart with perfume,
Oh, night, 'mid thy shadowy grace,
And mystical moonlit bloom!

Around my lips the night airs,
Wide-wandering, pause and play,—
Then bear my songs, and the breath
Of the rose, through the world away.

II.

Through garden walks I wandered;
The beautiful night of the west
Lay sleeping, with stars on her forehead,
And roses upon her breast.

I thought—the hopes of my bosom
Are like the star and the rose;
Though one may sink or wither,
Another rises and blows!

III.

When forest and field, in spring-time,
Laugh like the gardens of Gul,
Rose-buds and ripening roses
For one far away I'll cull.

Hopes, fears, dreams, sighs and wishes,
Ne'er to myself defined,—
A thousand varied emotions,
Shall be with the wreath entwined.

But how may the flowerets greet him?
To send them, how shall I dare?
I'll pray to the storms; in safety
The buds to my love they'll bear.

And the blush of the blossoms I breathed on
Shall pierce his heart and his brain;
And the charmed garland's aroma
Shall never leave him again;

But haunt him, like some unfinished
And dream-born melody;
Like a wild and wond'rous enigma,
Of which he has lost the key.

IV.

Pearls, at dewy morning,
Her riper richness adorning,
Noonlight turns them to gold:
But when the sunset lustre
Through rainy vapor glows,
A ruby and diamond cluster
Crowns her the royal rose!

V.

Messages of heavenly wonder
Echo not alone in thunder!
Lo! a hedge of summer roses
Flames, the burning bush of Moses;
And in color's richest splendor,
In aroma sweet and tender,
Tells, oh, God! the golden story
Of Thy goodness and Thy glory!

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

THE CASTLE'S HEIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD.

Author of "The Earl's Daughters," "Danesbury House," "The Red Court Farm," &c.

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CHAPTER XXI.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH SHAD—TURNED FROM THE HALL.

Outside the police station, and on every available place where bills could be stuck, appeared notices of the loss of the japanned box, with the offer of a thousand pounds reward for its restoration. The offer took Danesheld by storm, and the crowds that were wont to collect, wherever one of these bills appeared, staring at the offer and making their comments, quite impeded the foot traffic. The days, however, nay, the weeks, and the months went on, and nothing came of it; no box turned up, and the reward was still unclaimed. The police felt inclined to adopt Lord Dane's opinion; that Lydney himself had got the box, and that the reward never would be called for.

The depredations in Lord Dane's preserves went on alarmingly, and apparently with impunity. Whole dozens of game were bagged, the poachers seemed to enjoy their full swing, and the keepers were balked, night after night. Lord Dane was loosing patience, and felt inclined to offer a thousand pounds reward to catch *them*. Heartily indeed would he have given it, could Lydney have been entrapped with them. That Lydney was occasionally seen, by Lord Dane, in the wood with the poachers, at anyrate with one of them, Beecher, was beyond dispute; and perhaps few in Danesheld but would have subscribed to Lord Dane's opinion of his worthlessness, had they enjoyed the same means for judging of him.

Meanwhile, at Wilfred Lester's cottage, domestic matters appeared to be going on rather more comfortably. Sarah, by some cajoling process of her own, the secret charm of which she would reveal to neither master nor mistress, had contrived to obtain a little renewed credit for meat and other necessaries. Mrs. Lester would sigh and trouble herself as to when they were to be paid for; her husband evinced that utter indifference to future consequences, which is sometimes born of despair; had Sarah pledged his credit for hundreds, it seemed the same to him. A most bitter feeling had seated itself in his heart against his father, touching the deed and the money withheld from him; at first he had been loud and noisy, vowing revenge, vowing to obtain possession of the deed by some desperate means, but of late he had buried his wrongs in silence, and spoke of them no more. In his former loud flights of temper, the only one to remonstrate against them to his face was Lydney; Edith dared not.

One frosty morning in December, Maria, in taking the wood path to Miss Bordillions, encountered Lydney; somehow or other they often did encounter each other; but, to which lay the fault, whether to him or to her, or to the two mutually, cannot be said. Had a powerful attachment had sprung up between them, there was little doubt, though as yet it had been spoken of by neither. Danesheld was that morning alive with commotion, for an encounter had at length taken place, the previous night, between the keepers and poachers, in which the former were worsted, and the latter had got off scot free. It was said that Lord Dane was foaming. Maria almost sprang to Lydney, when she saw him, asking if he had heard the news. That she was trembling with an inward fear, a dread to which she dared not give a shape, her agitated manner proved.

"I heard of it hours ago," he smiled, as he took both her hands in greeting.

"Do you know—do you know"—it seemed that she could scarcely get the words out—"who were in it? what men?"

"No. Various rumors are afloat. I believe I could mention one fellow; but it is no business of mine. I saw him sneaking into the wood, under cover of the dark night, as I was going to your brother's, where I spent the evening."

Maria's countenance visibly changed, and her lips parted with suspense, as she listened.

"And what Mrs. Lester will say the next time she sees me, I cannot anticipate," he continued, not unobservant of Maria's varying cheek. "Will you believe that I was so devoid of all conscience as to stay there till one in the morning, keeping Wilfred from his bed?"

She could dissimulate no longer. Her lips turned white, her eyes became wet, and she faltered out tale-telling words in the moment's emotion.

"Oh, is it true? Are you sure you were with him?"

He pressed her hands warmly, bent low, and whispered, with a beaming smile,

"I never tell you anything but truth; believe me, I could not do so. Maria, it is all right, there is no cause for agitation. I was with Wilfred, at his own house, till one o'clock in the morning; we got into a discussion, and the time slipped on unwarily. The encounter with the poachers took place at half-past twelve."

"How kind you are!" she exclaimed, in the sudden revulsion of feeling induced by the news.

"In what way?" he laughed. "Kind for telling you this, or for keeping Wilfred up shamefully, and running the risk of Mrs. Lester's displeasure?"

"Kind in every way, I think," she answered, her face radiant. "But for you—"

Mr. Lydney raised his hand with a warning gesture, and Maria looked round in surprise. Clearing some feet with a bound he sprang upon young Mr. Shad, who had been twined round a tree in his usual attitude, listening with all his ears. He drew him forth by the hair of his head, Shad yelling unmercifully. Maria said farewell, and walked quietly on, leaving the capturer and captured.

"You sneaking young varmint!" uttered Lydney; "so I have caught you again at your tricks! How many times does this make? Now what shall your punishment be? I wonder if I could get you a week or two's wholesome recreation on the treadmill?"

At the last suggestion, Shad only yelled the louder; and in the midst of the noise up came Tiffie, who was going into Danesheld, and generally chose the wood path when she did so, though it was the longest round. She took in every point of the scene with her sly eyes, but suffered not her tongue to betray it.

"Well! if ever I heard such a noise," quoth she; "I thought it must be some young panther let loose. And who is it? It's something like Granny Bean's Shad."

"He's a going to kill me; he's a wanting to whack me; he'd a like to pull up my har by the roots," shrieked Shad. "Tell him to let me go."

"Let him go, please," said Tiffie to Lydney. "I'm sure you're too much a gentleman, sir, to illtreat a poor little weak boy."

Tiffie essayed to pull him from Mr. Lydney, as she spoke, but Mr. Lydney put her away. He had not attempted to beat Shad, only held him tight.

"I am not going to touch him now," he said to Tiffie, "I have no cane with me. But, so sure as I catch him dodging my footsteps or Miss Lester's again, so sure will I inflict proper chastisement upon him. You came up opportunely, Mrs. Tiffie."

"To prevent the beating?"

"No: to hear my promise. The next time you give him orders to track me, or your young lady, remember that he shall certainly suffer for it, if he attempts to put your behests in practice. That you merit the punishment, shall not avail with me; he shall get it."

"Oh!" screamed Tiffie, with a great show of indignation, "what treasonous words is these? *I* give him orders to track people! what have I to do with him? Am I a perlice walker?"

"You have more to do with him than people suspect, and in more ways than one," was his significant retort, as he turned round and looked full in Tiffie's face, which suddenly became the color of scarlet. "Now, my good woman, set him to watch me again!"

He quitted hold of Shad with a gentle shake, and proceeded on his way, in the opposite direction to that taken by Maria. Tiffie regained her composure as she best might, but the scarlet of her face turned white with rage, and she shook her fists after him, and panted forth.

"I vow I'll be revenged on him for this!"

"I know what," cried Shad. "I saw him at the wood last night, just after the row. He'd a been in it, I think."

"Where did you see him?" eagerly cried Tiffie.

"He was a coming up the road, 'tother side the wood. I see him with my two eyes. The clocks was a striking one."

"Did you see Will Lester?" returned Tiffie. "Was he out with 'em?"

"I didna see *him*. He might ha' been there, though, and this un ha' been to take him home, for 'twas close to Will Lester's where I see him. I ha'n't seen Will Lester this morning nowhere: maybe, he's wounded."

"What did that divil set upon you now for?"

"Cause I were a watching him and Miss Lester, and he twigged me," returned Shad.

"OH, MY LORD! THE MOST WICKED PLOT!"—*Tiffie.*

"I never see such a keen eyes as he's got. He had laid hold of her two hands and was a hugging of 'em."

"Keep the sharpest lookout on him you ever kept in your life, Shad," were the concluding words of Tiffie. "Poke and peer about the woods forever, specially after dark. That Lydney's a big cut-throat in disguise, and we'll pay him off."

Vowing vengeance upon the whole world in her anger, and upon Lydney in particular, Tiffie pursued her way. She had executed her commissions in the town, and was returning, when she met Lord Dane. She had had plenty of time to cool; but to cool down from an evil spirit *was not in Tiffie's nature*: she remembered the sovereign bestowed upon her by his lordship, and the words he had used: and she stopped him now.

"Well, Tiffie, and how are you?"—for, when Lord Dane chose, he could be affable and condescending to the lowest.

"I'm none the better, my lord, craving your pardon, for the dreadful tales of last night's blood that every shop you go into will tell. Is it true, my lord, that one of the keepers was cut in half?"

"Not quite," replied Lord Dane, checking a laugh. "He is wounded in the ribs. I wish I could lay my finger on the man that fired at him."

"My lord, I think it's as likely to have been that Lydney as anybody," responded Tiffie, dropping her voice. "I have good information that he was one of them."

"Have you?" eagerly returned Lord Dane. "Where? how?—how did you get it?"

"One that's safe and sure saw him just outside the wood at one o'clock this morning. And where could he have been to, my lord, at that place and hour, but a j'ining in the fray? If you could get him transported, my lord, it would be a provadinshil mercy for Danesheld and for Miss Lester."

"Ah," was the only answer of his lordship.

"She's a getting enthrilled by him, my lord; as safe as my name's Tiffie. Not a day passes but he's at our house, with master, or with my lady, and of course *she's* present. And then the private meetings out of doors!" added Tiffie, turning up her eyes. "They were in the wood together not half an hour ago, her two hands squozed in his, as if he were her lovier."

Lord Dane's face grew black as night. Tiffie did not pursue the subject: she left her shaft to tell.

"And they do say that Mr. Wilfred Lester has not been seen abroad yet, my lord. It's to be hoped he's come to no harm: though I did hear a insinivation that he was wounded."

She shot a rapid glance out of her cat's eyes at Lord Dane, then meekly dropped them, curtsied and turned away.

It is probable that Lord Dane would not so far have forgotten his courtly manners as to speak to Maria on the point of Tiffie's information touching herself, but that he was betrayed into it in the angry heat of the moment. His road led him past Miss Bordillion's house, and seeing Maria leave it on her way home, he increased his pace and overtook her. He raised his hat, a pleasant smile on his comely face, and, joining her, walked by her side.

"Maria," he began, "when am I to be favored with my answer? Do you not think I have waited long and patiently?"

Maria's heart beat, though her spirit sank within her. Was he going to enter again upon *that* subject?

"I really beg your pardon," she stammered. "I do not understand."

"Not understand that I love you?" he rejoined, his tone one of the sweetest tenderness. "That my days are passed in one long dream—the hope to call you my wife? In truth, Maria, my patience has been sorely put to the test: let the suspense come to an end."

"But indeed you could not have misunderstood me, Lord Dane," she replied, in agitation. "I told you months ago this could never be: I have no other answer to return. I thank you very much for your good opinion, but I cannot be your wife."

"Tell me why you would reject me," he said, after a pause.

"There is no particular reason, except—except—that I do not care for you sufficiently to become your wife," she hesitated.

"Do you deem that it would be an inexpedient alliance? Or do you fear I should not make you a good husband?"

"I never glanced at either point. Suffer the subject to drop, Lord Dane."

He looked at her with a winning smile.

"It can never drop until you are mine, Maria."

"But indeed it must," she answered, "for yours I cannot be."

"Have you seen your brother this morning?" he resumed.

"My brother? No."

"Nor have heard, possibly, this rumor touching him. That he is wounded."

Had Maria been shot with one of the random shots from Danesheld wood, it could not have had much greater effect upon her than these words. The whole of her heart's blood seemed to leave her, and she turned to him with quivering lips that refused utterance.

"It may not be correct," he continued, "but the report is certainly abroad. Maria, this is no hour for squeamishness: your brother ought to be got away from here. If he is not hurt now, it will be sure to come ere long."

"I wish he was away," she cried, betrayed out of her self-possession, "but where is he to go?"

"If you did not treat me so cavalierly, Maria, I would soon find him a post. I have one at my disposal now: at least my interest would secure its being bestowed where I please. It is under government, and would be the very thing for Wilfred, until better times come round for him. It is nearly a sinecure; the pay eight hundred a year."

Maria's brain began to whirl. Eight hundred pounds a year on the one hand, absence from Danesheld and his grievances, home comfort for him and Edith! On the other poverty, starvation, a continuance of the awful dread, companionship with his dangerous associates, perhaps disgrace, a public trial, or *killed* in some midnight encounter! She turned her lovely face, crimson now with excitement, on Lord Dane.

"Oh, will you not interest yourself, and give it him?"

"Willingly. If you will interest yourself *with yourself* for me."

It was a cruel alternative. Maria walked on in silence, and began revolving all he had said.

"Who informed you he was wounded?" she whispered.

"I heard it."

"I do not think it can be true. Mr. Lydney told me he was with him till one o'clock this morning; the time flew unwarily, he said."

A strangely derisive smile curled the lips of Lord Dane. Maria knew not why, but she shrank from it.

"I do not doubt it," he significantly observed; "I think it extremely probable that he was with him till that hour. Birds of a feather—but I should be sorry to class Wilfred Lester, with all his faults and imprudences, with a man of Lydney's stamp."

"Mr. Lydney is a gentleman," she returned, in a low voice.

"Allow me to ask what proof you have of that: whose testifying word? Maria, it is time your eyes were opened. I hear from various points Miss Lester's name coupled with Lydney's—that they are seen abroad in company, that they appear on intimate terms of friendship. This very morning they were walking in the wood together, the young lady's hands in his: and Danesheld is ringing with it."

She turned her face in its hot scarlet upon Lord Dane, her eyes flashing, her tongue indignant.

"And what though I was in the wood conversing with Mr. Lydney? It is a public path, open to all the world. Let Danesheld concern itself with its own business, but not with mine. My conscience is pure, Lord Dane: I met Mr. Lydney accidentally, as you might meet him, and I have done nothing unbecoming to a lady."

"I did not mean to reproach you, Maria, and I spoke but out of regard for you. I cannot bear to hear of the future Lady Dane being brought into contact with a—"

"I am not the future Lady Dane," she burst forth. "I never will be."

"Perhaps you would prefer to be the future Mrs. Lydney," he rejoined, unable to suppress his sarcasm.

Again her face grew scarlet, but she made no retort.

Lord Dane resumed.

"Maria, let us have done with this playing at cross-sticks with each other. If you will not allow me to speak to you as your future husband—though that will come—let me speak as your true friend. Lydney—mind, Maria, I am only asserting what I know—is here under false colors. He parades himself as a gentleman, he has obtained admission in that character to the best families, he has made himself intimate with you. Will you believe that almost from the very first I have known him to be an associate with the worst characters here, sharing in their pursuits, poaching on my preserves with them? He tells you he was with Wilfred Lester till one o'clock this morning; I say that it is more than likely; for it has been whispered to me that Lydney was one of those engaged in the attack last night."

She felt utterly confounded. Strange doubts and fears assailing her at all points; but she had faith in Lydney.

"It is not possible," she gasped. "All that you say of him cannot be possible. And it was at *Wilfred's own house* that he was, last night."

"Understand me, Maria. With regard to *last night, I assert nothing positive*; for, of his movements then, and Wilfred's, I am personally ignorant. It has been told to me that he was in the wood, it has been told to me that your brother is wounded: both may be false, for aught I know. But when I tell you that he is the associate of bad characters, and that he frequents the wood at night with them, I speak of my own positive knowledge. Is that a man to be intimate with Miss Lester?"

Maria was hard of belief, and she spoke resentfully.

"If you have known this, as you say, from the first, why have you not stopped his visits to the families of the neighborhood?"

"I have my reasons for not speaking too soon, and the police have theirs. My gentleman is being watched, and the time will come, I believe shortly, when he will be dropped upon and denounced. Private friendship would have led me to interfere, but as Lord Lieutenant I have public duties to consider. The time is not yet come, I say. He made a show of offering £1,000 reward for the recovery of the box—"

"He never said it was himself offered it, he was but acting for the owner," persisted Maria.

"Be it so. But whether for himself or owner, he was safe in offering it, seeing that the box is most probably in his own possession, and has been from the time it was lost."

"Who asserts that?" flashed Maria.

"It is a suspicion, not an assertion. We cannot come to any other conclusion."

At that moment Wilfred Lester came in view, walking as well as ever he walked in his life, with no sign of a wound about him. He did not stop, but passed them with a nod. Maria turned triumphantly to Lord Dane.

"You see! All the other assertions may be false as this."

"False! Thank you, Maria. I passed you my word that with regard to Lydney's pursuits and associates they were true. I did not answer for last night's doings. *Can* you have faith in him still?"

"It seems to me that I can never lose my faith in him," she replied, in a low tone, as though she were communing with herself.

Lord Dane threw up his head with all the hauteur of a British peer, and he bit his lips with vexation. That he was very greatly prejudiced against Lydney there was no question; still he did believe him to be an unworthy character.

Danesheld Hall was in view, and Maria entered. Lord Dane also entered, and proceeded to the study of Mr. Lester. He there confided to Mr. Lester what he had never done before—his suspicions of Mr. Lydney; and strenuously urged that he should be treated as an impostor and turned from the Hall.

"He appears to me to be a thorough gentleman, a gentleman in all respects," was the reply of Mr. Lester, who felt considerably as-

tonished and staggered at the communication. "If what you say be correct, the fellow must have the impudence of—"

"It is correct," interposed Lord Dane. "Do I not tell you I have watched him myself, been a witness to his night assignations in the wood, his confederacy with the poachers? I have had my reasons for keeping this close, and the police have also theirs. Neither must it be made public now, unless we would defeat the ends of justice; but I confide the facts to you that he may have no further opportunity of working more mischief at the Hall."

"He certainly shall not be admitted here again," remarked Mr. Lester. "But as to past mischief—you go too far, Lord Dane. What mischief has he brought to the Hall?"

"He has tried at it, unless I am greatly mistaken," significantly returned Lord Dane. "He has contrived to establish a pretty good understanding with Maria, out of doors and in: and young ladies often prove more susceptible to the fascinations of a stranger than to the sterling qualities of old friends."

Very indignant, indeed, felt Mr. Lester at the hint: not indignant against Lord Dane, but at the presuming intruder, Lydney. He, however, repudiated the insinuation touching Maria. Lord Dane smiled.

"These fellows, who come into a neighborhood for what they can pick up, are just the sort to draw a young lady into mischief: I mean such mischief as a secret attachment, and then a marriage. Fancy what a windfall Maria's fortune would be to this man! and you know, where she to marry without previous arrangement regarding the money, you would be compelled to hand it over."

Mr. Lester stood as one thunderstruck. This view of the case had never struck him before, and he began to rail at himself for his blindness. Sneaking covertly after Maria, that he might grasp her fortune? Of course he was! it was all plain now. The perspiration broke out over his face like peas.

"You had better persuade her to become Lady Dane without delay," said his lordship quietly, "and so secure her from harm. You would retain the money, and I should gain a wife, whose happiness it would be my daily study to promote."

"She shall be your wife before the month's out," foamed the disturbed Mr. Lester.

Lord Dane quitted the Hall, and it happened unfortunately that Mr. Lydney almost immediately called at it before Squire Lester's indignant fears had had time to cool. He rushed out and met him as he entered; and, with many needless words of insult, ordered him to quit the house again.

"What has occurred? what have I done?" demanded the amazed Lydney, while the raised tones of Mr. Lester's voice brought forth Lady Adelaide and Maria.

"I condescend to no explanation, sir," was the retort of Mr. Lester. "Only take yourself off, and never presume to attempt crossing the threshold of my house again: you have crossed it too much."

"But you will first accord me an explanation of this treatment," persisted Mr. Lydney.

"There's the door, sir," stormed the squire, waving his hand to the open door, which the servant held. "If you do not depart instantly I shall order my domestics to put you forth."

A moment's communing with himself, and then the young man turned to obey. But he first raised his hat courteously to the Lady Adelaide, who had stood the image of consternation, and walked forth—not as one cowed by merited insult, but with a lordly step and head erect, his whole air and bearing that of a chieftain, from whom insult recoiled.

Maria shivered, crept up to her own room, and burst into a flood of passionate tears.

CHAPTER XXII.

A CONFUSED PLOT.—THE APPARITION IN THE RUINS.

Lord Dane was not one to do his work by halves. If he could not publicly proclaim his suspicions of Lydney's ill doings, or if he did not choose to do so, he yet determined to damage his reputation as far as possible. The most welcome news to his lordship would be, to hear that Lydney had been driven from the place: perhaps he hoped to help on that desirable consummation. Upon quitting Squire Lester's he bent his steps to the Sailor's Rest. Ravensbird was alone in the bar, reading a newspaper: he rose up when his lordship entered.

"I want three minutes' conversation with you, Ravenswood."

The man bowed, led the way to the parlor, and handed a chair to Lord Dane, remaining himself standing of course.

"How much longer do you intend to harbor that fellow Lydney?"

"I'm sure, my lord, that's more than I can say," returned the landlord, who could take questions as coolly and literally as most folks, even from Lord Dane. "It's his business; not mine. He'll stop on at his pleasure: as long as he pays his bill, I have nothing to say against it."

"No, Ravensbird, he will not stop at his pleasure," returned Lord Dane. "I am here now to desire you to turn him out."

"Upon what plea, my lord?" asked Ravensbird.

"Give any plea you choose, to him. The one I give to you is—that it is my pleasure."

"My lord, I cannot put forth a gentleman in that fashion; one who conducts himself as a gentleman, and pays his way."

"It must be done. I insist upon it," said Lord Dane.

"I beg your pardon, my lord. Not by me."

"The fellow is an impostor, a man given to nefarious courses; he consorts with the poachers, and trespasses on my preserves at night. But, mind, Ravensbird, this is for your private ear alone, and I know you can be secret when you like. He has wormed himself into the social circles of the best families here, and may work incalculable mischief. Is that a man for you to continue to harbor?"

"What he may do out of doors, I know nothing of," persisted Ravensbird; "I see no wrong in him, and have heard no wrong. In doors, he conducts himself as a quiet, well behaved, honorable gentleman, and that's all I have go' to do with."

"You are my tenant, Ravensbird, and you must do as I wish you."

"My lord, I am your tenant, but I pay you rent for your house, and am master of it. In taking the Sailor's Rest, I did not part with my responsibility of action. I should be happy to oblige your lordship in many ways, but to turn a harmless gentleman (as far as I see) from it, is what I can't do."

"Say you won't, Ravensbird."

"Well, my lord, I'll say I won't, if you prefer it," answered the man, though with every token of civility and respect. "If this young Mr. Lydney behaved himself ill under my notice, it would be a different thing."

Lord Dane regarded Ravensbird with a haughty stare. The man met it equably.

"I fancy you cannot understand, Ravensbird. He has come here to engage in bad practices, therefore he must be hunted out of Danesheld. The police might do it for him, and save trouble, but he seems to take precious good care not to give tangible grounds. He's a sly one, depend upon it, and he must be got out of the place."

"All well and good, my lord, if it can be done; but I am not going to join in getting him out."

"Do you remember a certain clause in your lease, which I caused Apperly to insert, when you entered upon this house?" demanded Lord Dane. "It was to the effect that, should circumstances induce me to retake the house upon my hands, you must give up possession, and quit it at my pleasure."

"By your lordship's giving me six weeks' notice," interposed Ravensbird.

"Good. If you are to fly in the teeth of my requests in this manner—and it is the first, I believe, that I have made to you—you stand a chance of getting that clause acted upon, Mr. Ravensbird."

"As your lordship pleases, of course," was the sturdy answer, while Ravensbird looked full in the face of the peer. "I should be sorry to leave the house, for it suits me, and I earn a living; still, there are other tenements to be had in Danesheld. Perhaps your lordship will give it some reflection, before you compel me to quit this."

Marked independence, nay, more, marked meaning was in his tone. Lord Dane passed from the subject to another.

"You have heard of this outrage in my woods last night?"

"As all Danesheld has, my lord."

"What do you personally know of it?"

"Not anything," said Ravensbird. "What should I?"

"Ravensbird," proceeded Lord Dane, bending his head forward, and speaking in an under tone, "I could bring the officers of justice into this house now, and give you into custody on suspicion of having been concerned in it."

"Because I 'harbor' Lydney—it is your lordship's expression—and you suspect him of being connected with the poachers?" asked Ravensbird, with some freedom.

"No."

The two stood gazing at each other—for Lord Dane had risen, and now faced his tenant. It was his lordship who broke the silence.

"Last evening—it must have been near ten o'clock, not very long before the affray took place—I saw you in the wood, with one of the worst of the men, Ben Beecher. Hand in glove with him, pacing the thicket with him, your hand upon his shoulder! I saw you myself, Ravensbird."

"I was there with him," quietly replied Ravensbird.

"It is a cool assertion."

"I had a little private matter of business with Ben Beecher: and I went to the wood, hoping to find him and to transact it. I did find him, and was with him the best part of half an hour, and then I left him, and came back home. That's the simple truth, and the whole truth, my lord. Had I known there was likely to be a fight in the wood, I should not have chosen last night to go there. *I* take part in a poacher's conflict! You know better than that, Lord Dane."

"Yet you have been accused of a worse offence in your day," cried his lordship.

A strangely significant smile played over the lips of Ravensbird. He raised his eyes full on Lord Dane. "I may be publicly cleared of that suspicion yet, my lord, by the real offender being brought to light. I have reason to think I shall be."

"What reason?" inquired Lord Dane.

"A belief in the divine laws of retribution and of justice."

"Can you tell me the nature of your business with Ben Beecher?"

"I have said that it was private, my lord."

Lord Dane took up his hat. "It seems that I have met with little satisfaction in coming here this morning. Considering that you were once servant in my family, Ravensbird, I have an idea that it might behove you to treat my wishes with more compliance."

A tinge of color flashed into Ravensbird's dark face. "I was servant to the Honorable Captain Dane; I was not servant to Mr. Herbert." Lord Dane put his hat on his head and walked out, Ravensbird attending him to the door.

"By the way," cried his lordship, wheeling round, "is that other man gone? I mean the old passenger, who was likewise saved and brought here," he added, seeing that Ravensbird looked puzzled.

"He is not gone, my lord; he has not found himself well enough to go. But he is getting better now."

"Does he not go out?"

"He has never once been out of his room, let alone the house, your lordship. He is waiting for remittances, he says."

"Ah! mind you don't feed him all this while, and then not get paid. How quiet he must keep himself! I never hear it mentioned that there is such a person in the place. What does he do all day?"

"Sits and coughs, and reads the newspapers?"

"What's his name?"

"When he first arrived Sophie asked it, and he answered that it was no business of hers. But I saw his medicine came in directed to 'Mr. Home.' He was so ill at first, we were obliged to call in Dr. Green."

"Home? Home?" debated his lordship: "don't know the name."

He marched up the street, and Ravensbird turned indoors again. Certainly the man behaved more cavalierly to Lord Dane than any other of his dependants would have presumed to venture upon. The wonder was, that his lordship put up with it.

It was growing dark that same evening, that is, it may have been near upon five o'clock, when three men met under covert of the thick wood. Later, with last night's remembrance upon them, they would not have dared to be there: a few days must elapse ere they grew bold again. They deemed themselves alone, but, trailing flat with his belly on the ground, serpent that he was, lay young Shad, listening—not to plans for another battue on the pheasants, but to as nefarious a scheme of housebreaking as was ever concocted. Shad had not yet been promoted to assist at great crimes, and his hair rose up on end as he listened. What with his personal fear, (for Shad fully believed that if any untoward accident betrayed his proximity he should be riddled through with bullets) and what with the low tone the men conversed in, Shad obtained but a partial hearing of the plot. The chief part that he made out was, that Dane Castle was to be broken into, and the plate "bagged."

Waiting till the men dispersed, for he did not dare to move until they were gone, Shad rose up, and tore along at the top of his speed till he gained the spot where he was in the habit of waiting for Tiffie. But no Tiffie was there. She probably had been, and was gone; for it was near eight o'clock. Shad, with all his cunning, was at fault: he scarcely dared to approach Mr. Lester's, which Tiffie had always strictly forbidden, but his tongue was burning to be delivered of its secret. He stole across the intervening space, and gave a timid knock at the back door.

"If you please, ma'am, can I speak a word to Mrs. Tiffie?" cried he, as a kitchen maid answered it.

The girl went to the housekeeper's room, where Tiffie was.

"Mrs. Tiffie's wanted," cried she. "It's Granny Bean's Shad."

An unwelcome announcement in the presence of her fellow servants, and Tiffie jumped up.

"Granny Bean's Shad?" uttered she, in apparent amazement. "He can't want me: it must be a mistake."

She flounced through the back passages of the house to its outside; and there, sure enough, stood Shad. Her first impulse was to treat him to a good shaking.

"Don't you begin upon me, then, till you've heered," whined Shad. "I shouldn't a come a nigh, but you warn't at the place. I've been a hearing murder, and it made my bones sweat to listen."

"Hearing murder!" ejaculated Tiffie.

"They's a going to break into the castle," resumed the boy, "murder Lord Dane, and fork the plate. I heered 'em say as there was hundreds of ounces kep' in the big chest, and they'd bag it all, while 'tother was a doing the business."

To give Tiffie her due, her badly disposed mind was more intent upon working petty ills and aggravations to her species, than great crimes. Murder, certainly, bore as much horror for her as it does for most people: and she clasped hold of young Shad in affright, and bade him speak intelligibly, and relate all he knew.

"It were them three, Drake, and Ben Beecher, and Bill Nicholson, Ben Nick's brother," said Shad, "and I've been a lying ever since dark a listening to 'em, with my nose in the frosty ground, and afraid to draw a breath. I couldn't make out all they said, but I made out enough: and they be a going in for the castle plate and to murder Lord Dane."

"Did you hear them plan his murder?"

"No, but look you here," said Shad, who did not want for brains, though it was convenient to let it appear to the world in general that his head ran short of them. "They talked about the plate—and to hear of it was good to make your mouth water, spoons, and waiters, and tea pots, and things—but 'tain't the plate as they's chiefly a going in for; I made out that much. They said, while the business was a being done, two or three of 'em could go and rifle the plate-chest, and nobody be none the wiser. And I says to myself as I listened, what *is* the business, if it's not the robbing the plate-chest? it must be to murder his lordship."

Not an improbable conclusion for Shad to arrive at. Tiffie arrived at the same.

"How many more was to be in it, besides them three?" asked she.

"I dun know. They said two or three of 'em ud fork the plate while the business was a being done, so there'll be more in it nor them. I heard 'em speak of Lydney once, and then the rest said Hush! and after that they called him 'L.' I'd lay that white doe rabbit of mine, what's at granny's, as he is to be in it."

Tiffie's eyes sparkled at the information, but before she could reply, one of the footmen, who had been out on some private matter of his own, came up the back door.

"What, is it you, Mrs. Tiffie, out here! why you'll catch cold. And young Shad, as I'm alive!"

"Come to beg a drop of my liniment for Granny Bean's rheumitix," responded Tiffie to the servant. "The last time I gave her some, it cured her in no time; her back's a'most double to night, he says. Here, Shad, give me the bottle, and I'll bring it out to ye."

"A groaning with it awful, granny was," whined Shad, quickly taking his cue, "and please, ma'am, I haven't got no bottle. I come cutting along fast, feeling for granny, and fell over a stone and broke it."

"What a careless boy you must be!" returned Tiffie; "I suppose I must find one. Wait there."

She followed the footman indoors; but only to return and finish her conversation with Shad. The boy dismissed, she prepared to go out herself. Lady Adelaide, with Mr. Lester, was dining abroad, so she had no leave to ask.

Her proposed visit was to Lord Dane. Apart from Tiffie's shock at the contemplated murder in itself, it put a stop (should it be carried into effect) to certain ambitious visions, which Tiffie had recently, and more especially that day, been indulging a hope might grow into realities. Tiffie had cast her covetous eyes on the castle, hoping to slip in as its housekeeper, either through favor of Miss Lester, should she become Lady Dane, or through the favor of Lord Dane himself, did he remain a bachelor. Of course, were the thread of his lordship's life to be severed by any such summary process, Tiffie's visions must fade into air.

Lord Dane was seated alone in his dining-room; the great dining-room that the reader has seen before. Miss Dane had retired, but he sat yet over his wine. The rays of the chandelier fell on the glittering table, on its beautiful service of sparkling crystal. Bruff entered.

"My lord, a person is asking to see you. It's Lady Adelaide Lester's maid."

"To see me!" returned his lordship. "What, Tiffie?"

"Yes; Tiffie, my lord. I told her your lordship was at dinner, but she wished me to bring word that she had come for something important."

"A message from Lady Adelaide, possibly," carelessly remarked Lord Dane. "Let her come in."

Tiffie appeared. Lord Dane had turned his chair to the fire then, and she advanced and stood near him. Bruff departed and shut the door.

"Oh, my lord! the most wicked plot!" she began, throwing her bonnet back in her flurry, and putting out her hands. "The castle's going to be riffled, and your lordship murdered promiskeous in your bed."

"What!" uttered Lord Dane, wondering whether Tiffie had turned crazy, and evincing a very powerful inclination to laugh. "You can sit down, Tiffie; you seem a little excited."

"My lord, it may sound like ridicul, but it's Gospial truth," returned Tiffie, taking the chair offered her. "Them three men, have been a plotting of it in the wood, Bill Nicholson, and Drake, and Ben Beecher, and one overheard 'em as is sure and safe, and he come and imparted of it to me. Lydney is to be with them, it's pretty apperient, for his name was mentioned once, but they said hush! and afterwards called him only 'L.' And they spoke of rifaling the plate chest while the business was done; the business [illegible] and that you may be sure is no small matter than the murdering of you."

Lord Dane, uncertain still whether there might be anything in the tale, or whether Tiffie really had lost her senses, made her go over the whole of it circumstantially. It comprised all she had heard, and some she had not heard, for Tiffie's news, like many other persons', was sure to increase in the telling; she repeated it all.

"Was it you who heard this fine plot?"

"Me, me lord! As if I should be prowling in the wood at night, a hazarding of my repetation!"

"Oh, of course not," said Lord Dane, with a cough. "Who was it, then?"

"I couldn't impart that to your lordship."

"Then you had better not have imparted the tale. I suppose it was some—some—" his lordship was rather at a loss for a word—"beau of yours."

"Indeed, then, no!" was Tiffie's nettled rejoinder. "I've had enough of them sort of vanities, and had rather keep 'em at arms' distance."

"Well, as it appears that something may be in it; at anyrate there's sufficient doubt to induce some sort of preparation against the possibility—"

"Some sort of preperation!" interrupted the alarmed Tiffie. "Preperation against it *must* be made, my lord, or you'll have the catastrify for certain."

"Just so!" said Lord Dane. "Therefore it is necessary that all points, bearing upon it, should be imparted to me. Tell me in private who this hearer was, and he shall come to no harm, nor you either. Otherwise, I must call in the aid of the police, and you must be publicly examined to-morrow before Squire Lester."

This would not have suited Tiffie at all; quite the contrary. Yet she was awake to the common sense view of Lord Dane's argument, and to the necessity of his knowing all.

"It's not that he could come to harm, my lord, or that I have any motive to conceal it, such as you might fancy," she resumed. "But the one that heard it is useful to me, he looks about for me, unsuspected, and brings me news, and if it was once known he did so, there'd be good-bye to it, for folks would be on their guard not to speak before him. I'd tell your lordship, if you'd let it be quite private from everybody else; indeed, you might see him for yourself."

"Agreed," said Lord Dane.

"It was Granny Bean's Shad."

"Granny Bean's Shad!" he uttered, looking at her. "Why, every second word spoken by that boy is a barefaced lie."

Tiffie bent her face close to Lord Dane's: he had never seen it so earnest, so little savoring of deceit.

"That Shad will tell you the truth in this, my lord—I'll answer for it with my own life. He has less faults than folks think for, and he daredn't play the fool with me."

"I'll see him," said Lord Dane, as Tiffie rose to withdraw. "When do you say the attack is to be made?"

"Not for three nights for certain; and then none was named. They were waiting for something, though Shad could not make out for what, unless it is for the moon to go. Another thing he only half heard: those ruins were mentioned. He thought perhaps they were going to meet in them, and plot further."

"What ruins?" quickly asked Lord Dane.

"The chapel ruins opposite," replied Tiffie, extending her hand in the direction.—"They may be there now at this very moment, for all we know."

"Tiffie," called out his lordship, as she was gliding from the room with her usual stealthy step. "Not a word of this abroad, remember. And caution that Shad."

"*He's* safe, my lord, and you may rely upon it I don't eject another syllible from my lips. It's in your lordship's hands now, and out of mine."

Lord Dane remained in a reverie after her departure, and then strolled out of the castle. That an attack was being contemplated he entertained no manner of doubt, though he did not take precisely the same view of it that Mr. Shad and Tiffie had adopted. He felt surprised; for, loose in character as the three men mentioned had hitherto been regarded, taking their full delight in poaching, smuggling, and similar adventures of a venial nature, or what are looked upon by many as venial, they had never attempted great crimes, and Lord Dane felt convinced that some master head-piece was urging them on.

He stood outside the castle gates, still thinking, taking little notice of a female form approaching from the direction of Danesheld. But the female came close up to him, and compelled his attention: he recognized the cloak and bonnet of Tiffie.

"Back again!" cried Lord Dane.

"I have obtained a little more evidence, my lord," was Tiffie's rejoinder, "and thought you'd blame me if I didn't return with it.—When I came the first time, I sent young Shad with a lantern to search the place where them smugglers had been, thinking it not impossable but they might have left some token behind 'em; for when folks hold a meeting in the dark, and things slip from their pockets or their hands, they're difficult to be picked up again. Shad was back before I was, and he brought this."

She held out a scrap of paper to Lord Dane, and he examined it by the light of the lamp which illumined the gateway, paying Tiffie the compliment, as he took it from her, that she would have made a first rate detective.

It proved to be part of a note, and Lord Dane read the following words:

"——— *impossible to join you to-night, but to-morrow you may expect me without fail.*

"*W. L.*"

It appeared to have been written hastily on a long, narrow bit of paper, and then twisted up. The direction, if there had been any, had gone with the first part of the contents.

"Now, I [illegible] that writing is Lydney's," cried Tiffie, when Lord Dane had looked at it. "I have seen his handwriting at our house upon pieces of music, and I saw a note of his to Miss Lester. 'Twas only a line or two about a book, but it was that very self same handwriting, and I'll stand to it, my lord, with the same autigriff at the end of it, 'W. L.;' which is the short for his name, William Lydney."

"Where did Shad find this?"

"Close upon the very spot where they'd been a plotting."

"Why did you not bring Shad up, as you dropped upon him?"

"Shad'll come to-morrow morning and ask for you, my lord, as you ordered. 'Twasn't likely I was going to bring him to the castle myself, and set your detainers a wondering and talking," was the reply of Tiffie.

She took her final departure, and Lord Dane, after consigning the paper to his pocket-book, fell into another reverie. That Lydney was an out-and-out villain, he was beginning to believe, and his angry eye flashed at the thought that he had been admitted to the intimacy—perhaps gained the love—of Maria Lester. Before him stretched out the sea, broad and wide, not that he could see much of it from where he stood; on his right were the lights of Danesheld; and on his left the chapel ruins. The moon was high in the sky, and flickered her light upon those picturesque ruins, as she had done many a time before; upon the green walls, the several apertures. Lord Dane turned his eyes towards them.

Singular to say, he had never once been inside those ruins since his return from abroad, in fact since his accession to the title: nay, it may be said, since the period of his romantic love for the Lady Adelaide. Many times had he passed them since then, walked round them, stood near them, but it happened that, either by design or accident, he had not gone inside. He bent his steps thither now, his mind full of Tiffie's surmise: the plotters might be there at that moment, for aught he knew.

Lord Dane crossed the greensward, crisp with frost, crossed it as stealthily as he had ever stolen to his appointments with Adelaide Errol; for it was not his intention to pounce upon or surprise the men, but to listen to them. He had his own reasons for suffering the plot to go on to the very hour appointed for its execution. Once inside, he halted, looked about, and kept his ears open. Nothing appeared to have changed: there were the faint remains of the altar, the traces of the graves, the ghostly looking windows, and the moss-covered stones: all looked as it had looked in those years long gone by.

It appeared to be entirely void of human life: if any plotters were there, they remained still and silent: and, that none were there, speedily became apparent to Lord Dane, as he paced about it. His thoughts began to revert to the past, and soon, growing oblivious to the present, to the lapse of years, to annoying plots, and to Maria Lester, the past was alone before him. He was dwelling on Lady Adelaide's beauty, on their mutual dream of sentimental passion, on her strangely sudden desertion: and from that topic his mind naturally reverted to the tragic accident, which had cost the life of Harry Dane, almost on the very site where he then stood.

The latter was not a pleasant subject to indulge in, with the ghostly looking ruins around, the gravestones beneath, and the pale white moonlight above; and Lord Dane, middle-aged man though he was getting, British peer though he was, began to find he was not totally exempt from the sport of superstitious fancies. He turned from the altar, where he had been standing, to make the best of his way out, when at that moment a form rose up in the window aperture nearest to him, and remained silent, watching him, it seemed, in the moonlight. A half smothered cry broke from Lord Dane's lips, his hair stood on end, and his flesh crept.

Yes they did, lowering to him as you may deem the assertion. It is true that Lord Dane had been thinking of his cousin: and imagination, especially superstitious imagination, plays curious tricks. As he stared at that figure in the aperture, its extraordinary resemblance in form to the dead man, struck upon him: he strode to the window, separated only by the wall, and stood face to face; face to face with him who was once Harry Dane. The once familiar features stood out pale and clear in the moonlight, far too clear for Lord Dane not to recognize them. It was them he uttered the smothered cry, and his hair bristled up from his brow.

He fell back involuntarily: he leaned against the decayed wall to recover himself. He remembered who and what he was, a man and an Englishman: shook himself, stepped to the entrance and passed out at it. That he had seen his cousin's spirit, a ghost, as it is familiarly called, was his undoubted conviction, little as he had hitherto believed in ghosts, given to ridicule the fancied seers of them, as he had been.

It had vanished. Nothing was to be seen outside. Lord Dane strode round the exterior of the ruins, but the ghost was gone, leaving no trace behind.

No trace, save in the physical disturbance of Lord Dane. Again the superstitious feeling came creeping over him, the dread that the dead was hovering near: and he positively started, full pace, to the castle, quickly, and perhaps as conscious of terror, as Lady Adelaide had run, shrieking, that eventful night. Bruff was standing in the gateway as his lord entered, and turned in amazement to look at him: for in the starting eyes, the panting lips, and the livid features, the man could scarcely recognize those of Lord Dane.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TERMS, &c.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1860.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Well, the Prince of Wales, Baron Renfrew, or Albert Edward Busichi, as some say his real name is, has really been in Philadelphia, and, astonishing as it may seem, "we still live." Whether owing to the State election, or to the native good sense of our citizens, the Prince received all rightful attention from the Mayor, pleased the "upper ten thousand," and we hope gratified himself by visiting the opera—that most frivolous of all intellectual entertainments—where the audience reverentially started to their feet upon hearing the first loyal strains of "God Save the Queen"—gratified the gentlemen b'hoys by attending the races at Point Breeze—and had a very pleasant time generally, without the city being at all moved from its usual staid propriety. We think it probable that the Prince thinks no worse of us, but a little better, that the great majority of our citizens and our municipal authorities did not go into spasms on his account.

One matter in connection with the Prince's visit is rather amusing—we mean the hurry in which he always seems to be. "Want of time" is the excuse constantly given for not going further, staying longer, seeing this or seeing that. You might think that the Prince of Wales was a young apprentice off for a few weeks' holiday, or a salesman hurrying back to meet the Fall trade. What is the use of being a Prince, one is tempted to ask, if you must be hurried about, like a London cockney anxious to "do" Switzerland, Italy, and the Holy Land, if possible, in a fortnight. Our English friends laugh a good deal at us Americans for the perpetual

haste we are in, so that we cannot even eat our food with due deliberation:—while here their own sweet Prince is trying to "bolt" about one-eighth the globe in a few rapid mouthfuls. Certainly if America is worth coming three thousand miles to see, he might stay long enough to get a fair and comfortable view of it.

Of course we take it for granted that one important object of the Prince's visit, is to take a look at our American girls. We take it for granted because it is the most sensible thing that the heir of the British crown can do, to marry an American wife. We have no titled families in this country, but we have historic families; and nothing—we are not speaking in jest now—would do more to strengthen the bonds of fraternal feeling between the two nations, than an alliance of the kind referred to. Even those who, like ourselves, laugh that it should be so, will admit that it is so. The son of such an alliance especially, would have a hold upon the hearts of the people of the American Union that no reason would account for, and no sound judgment perhaps approve, but which feeling all our statesmen would have to respect. Therefore do we say that the policy of such an alliance is so evident, that astute statesmen can hardly have overlooked it. As to another German alliance, it would strengthen a bond that needs no strengthening—and the importance of which in itself is as nothing compared with an alliance with the United States.

For, in the course of another century, the United States will be *the* great power of the world. Even in sixty years, at our present rate of increase, we shall have 120 millions of souls—the greatest workers, the boldest whalefishers and sea-fighters, the most inventive and daring race on sea and land, the world has ever known. Already our manufactures are gradually but steadily crowding out those of England in every foreign market—in several departments our manufacturers when they visit "the old country" laugh at the clumsiness of the English machinery; we are ahead of them ten years. In half-a-century, in all probability, the great bulk of our cotton crop will be manufactured at home—the coarser goods at the South and in the Middle States, the finer in New England. In Iron, with our immense natural depositories of Iron and Coal, we shall be beholden to no nation very long for our manufactured supplies. Yes, in the oft-repeated lines of Bishop Berkeley, "Westward the course of Empire takes its way." With the strength of numbers, with fertility of intellectual resources, with unsurpassed daring of soul, we shall in all probability in half a century, take our place as the very First among the nations of the earth. God save us then from that selfish ambition which too often goes hand-in-hand with Power.

That wise heads in Great Britain should perceive all this as clearly as we perceive it, is not to be wondered at. And that they should seek to draw closely the bonds of interest and feeling between themselves and us, is the most natural thing in the world. If we only had "a royal family"—they think—but then as we have no royal family, they must do the next best thing, take a family that is not royal, in the European sense.

Well, it is nothing to America—we should gain nothing by such an alliance. Even less than nothing, perhaps. An entangling alliance—an occasional bloody war; with the chance, it is only fair to add, of an occasional lift to the cause of civil and religious liberty in Europe. The alliance would be nothing to us, who shall have no enemies that we cannot easily manage. Therefore, if we had a royal family, we for one should be apt to oppose any such arrangements. But we have not. And there are some five millions of American girls who would jump at an offer from the Prince, and inform us it was none of our business if we presumed to interfere. So we suppose things will have to take their course—whether, as a consequence, we shall have in the future a foreign war or two upon our hands, or not. None of our American girls—bless their pretty faces!—would stop a moment for such a trivial consideration, when a marriage with a charming young prince, of the true blue blood, was on the carpet. We suppose that at least one million would marry him, if they knew they would have their sweet heads cut off, like Anne Boleyn's, the very next morning.

SPLENDID RAILROAD MANAGEMENT!

It is a matter of frequent discussion in business circles, "Why railroads do not pay!" In instituting an examination into this very important question—important not only to the stockholders, but to the public at large—sufficient attention is not generally paid to the fact that it is possible for dishonest officers and employees to pilfer and *divert away* (we take credit to ourselves for the delicacy of that last expression) all the profits of the railroad business. For instance, read the following reference to the recent *unpleasantness* (that is another delicate expression) on that "splendidly managed" road, the "Great Central." We quote from the *Germantown Telegraph*:—

A strange circumstance has occurred, according to the statement of the Pittsburg Chronicle and Harrisburg Patriot, in the way of swindling by certain conductors and ticket agents on the Pennsylvania Railroad. The whole number implicated is set down as *twenty-one*, and the amount of their plunder as very large. Some of these conductors and agents are said to have become rich in a few years upon their annual salaries of a few hundred dollars—and one is referred to as being worth some $35,000, who, on being asked by one of the officers of the company worth $300,000, how he accumulated so large a sum, said he would answer the question as soon as his questioner explained how *he* accumulated all his wealth! A number have 'confessed the corn," and disgorged, in sums fom $2,500 up to $15,000! Others not so much. One of them acknowledged to making $82 on a single through trip from Philadelphia to Pittsburg!

Now we do not doubt that if any individual at the last annual meeting of the railroad referred to, had presumed to call in question in the least the honesty of its conductors and ticket agents, he would have drawn upon himself not only the wrath of the President and Directors of the road, but even of the stockholders themselves. In fact, with all the real shrewdness and sagacity of our business men as individuals, their senses seem to desert them when they join together in incorporated companies—or, rather, such is their intense mercantile appreciation of "respectability," when manifested in the shape of a few hundreds of thousands of dollars, that, like the stickler for good blood in "Little Dorritt," they would rather be knocked down financially by a rich man, than picked up by a poor one.

Well, they get knocked down—the Merdles of the financial world, how they do pluck them! And they, the plucked, like it—positively like it.

We remember a few years ago, when going out Weston the Penna. Road, that an Ex-Director happening to meet us at the depot, insisted upon introducing us to the Superintendent, and said we ought as one of the press to have a free ticket. He declined giving it, it being contrary, as he said, to the rules of the road. Two gentlemen of our acquaintance, however, went through to Harrisburg that very trip on a free pass given by the conductor of another road, and we could have gone free on the same pass had we thought it right so to do.

We do not believe that there are many railroads in the country but that will pay, and pay well, if managed as an individual manages his own concerns—but the leaks! the leaks!

A NEW OFFER.

A Chance to Obtain Two Valuable Works.

We have made arrangements with the publishers of those large and valuable works,

Webster's New Pictorial Quarto Dictionary,

AND

Lippincott's Gazetteer and Geographical Dictionary of the World,

by which either of these important and valuable works will be given to any friend of THE POST, on the following terms:—

We will send one copy of The Post, for one year, and give a copy of either the Dictionary or the Gazetteer, for Six Dollars.

Or, on the receipt of Five new subscribers and Ten Dollars, we will give either of the above works as a premium.

Or, on the receipt of Ten new subscribers and Fifteen dollars—$1.50 apiece—we will give either of the works as a premium.

The price of these works in the stores, varies from $6,00 to $6,50 apiece.

Of Webster's New Pictorial Quarto Dictionary, containing 1,500 Wood Cuts, but little need be said—its value being apparent to all. No family should be without it.

Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer and Geographical Dictionary of the World, is another work that no man or family should be without. It is a large volume of 2,182 closely printed pages, containing a vast mass of useful knowledge. You have in it the most recent and authentic information respecting nearly 100,000 places—countries, islands, rivers, mountains, cities, towns, &c., in every portion of the Globe.

Both of these works lie constantly upon our own table, and we are in the habit of making frequent reference to them. In fact, they are just what we have said, works that no one should be without.

Very many enterprising young men or young women could start out and get five new two dollar subscribers, or ten new $1.50 subscribers, for The Post in a short time,—and entitle themselves to either the Dictionary or the Gazetteer (whichever they might choose) as a Premium. It only needs a little energy and enterprise to get one or both of these admirable and valuable works. *Be up and doing while this offer lasts!*

THE GOLD DOLLAR.

All publishers of periodicals must regret the recent orders of Government recalling the dollar gold pieces for the purpose of recoining them into eagles. The dollar piece is especially adapted for being remitted in payment of subscription bills, as its weight is but little, and nothing is lost upon it in the way of discounts to brokers. In States like Pennsylvania, where it is illegal to pass any smaller bank note than a five-dollar one, the gold dollar is particularly convenient. We trust, therefore, that the measure referred to will be abandoned; certainly there is plenty of gold to coin into eagles, if more coins of that denomination are demanded, without encroaching upon the smaller coins, which are not only convenient in themselves, but act as a wise check upon the tendency to undue expansion which always characterizes the paper currency.

☞ We have added an additional proposition this week to our offer relative to Webster's Dictionary, and Lippincott's Gazetteer.

☞ A gentleman was called upon to apologize for words uttered in wine. "I beg pardon," said he, "I did not mean to say what I did; but I've had the misfortune to lose some of my front teeth, and words get out every now and then without my knowledge."

☞ As a general thing it is rather irksome for hard-working, out-of-door business men to accompany the "winmin folks" about town, shopping. It probably was to the "gentleman" from the "rooral doestricks," who came into a dry good store up town a few days since, out of breath, exclaiming, with a sort of good-natured impatience to two women whom he was trying to accompany,—"I would as lief chase a cow all over the paster, as to keep track of yeou, gol darned ef I hadn't." He should not have tried to.

☞ If you want to annoy and puzzle and baffle a man full of trick and duplicity, you have only to practise a straightforward and simple integrity.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Cottages of the Alps; or, Life and Manners in Switzerland. By the author of Peasant Life in Germany. Published by Charles Scribner, New York; and for sale by E. H. Butler & Co., Phila.

Notes on the Parables of Our Lord. By Richard Chenevix Trench. Condensed. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila.

A Year With Maggie and Emma; A True Story. Edited by Maria J. McIntosh. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila.

The Lost Hunter. A Tale of Early Times. By John T. Adams. Published by M. Doolady, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila.

Leila; or, The Siege of Granada. And Calderon, the Courtier. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

Quodlibet: Containing Some Annals Thereof. By Solomon Secondthoughts, Schoolmaster. Second Edition. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

The North American Review, for October. For sale by W. B. Zieber & Co., Phila.

Brief Biographies. By Samuel Smiles, author of "Self Help," &c. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila.

Over the Cliffs. By Charlotte Chanter. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila.

END OF A SUMMER RAMBLE.

Paris, Sept. 21, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

The hackneyed theme of "weather" which, unluckily for dwellers in the North, seldom loses its interest, threadbare though it be, is never so interesting as when one is travelling; and rarely has the subject been so constantly and so anxiously uppermost in travellers' thoughts, as during the wretched substitute for a summer which is now merging into what threatens to prove an almost equally ungenial autumn. Just as in Switzerland we had been forced to change our programme by the almost incessant rain, so were our Italian ramblings cut suddenly short by the appearance of a probability of better weather, which set us longing for a somewhat better view of the peculiar glories of Switzerland than we had been favored with during the first part of our tour. Accordingly we turned our faces northward, bid adieu to bright and pleasant Milan, with its palaces, that give one so impressive an idea of what must have been the splendor of their owners in the old days, when they were in their prime, its Corso, where the wealth and fashion of the present are so fond of displaying themselves, its wonderful Duomo, as the Milanese call their Cathedral, that realization of a fairy dream in marble, and the picture of pictures, the unequalled "Last Supper," painted in fresco, as everybody knows, by Leonardo da Vinci, on the walls of the refectory in the Dominican Monastery of "Holy Mary of Graces," in the 15th century, gone to utter decay through damp and neglect, but perhaps even more wonderful in its untimely decay than the Duomo in the glory of its yet unfinished growth.

We went back into Switzerland by the Simplon, with a glorious blue sky and uninterrupted sunshine to console us in quitting the lovely Italian land, with its handsome and intelligent people, its unrivalled churches, its ancient remembrances, and its delicious figs. I may say, *en passant*, that it was in the Italian markets that I saw, for the first and only time in my life, the little green frogs that are erroneously supposed to form a common article of food in France. The bronzed Italian market women sit on the step of some arched doorway, or on an overturned basket in the shade of a piazza, with a pannier beside them, full of the pretty little creatures—just the color of the young spring leaves of the acacia—who walk lazily over one another, opening their immense mouths and looking quietly out of their bright eyes, while awaiting, in happy ignorance, the approach of Fate, in the shape of cooks and housekeepers. When a customer appears, the market woman takes up the frogs, one by one, by the hind legs, gives a dexterous pull and twist, and the entire skin and body come away from the said legs as if by magic, leaving two tiny limbs of such delicate-looking, almost transparent substance, that one can well believe all that is said of their extreme tenderness and delicacy when prepared for the table. As these frogs are altogether herbivorous, it is hard to explain the repugnance with which their use as an article of food is regarded by those who are not in the habit of eating them, unless, indeed, that most practical of mothers, Dame Nature, in the aversion with which she has caused us so generally to turn from the idea of eating anything that we have not seen our neighbors eat, has intended to guard us from the dangers of too rash "experiments of living."

Our party had passed the night, previous to our crossing the Simplon into Switzerland, at the picturesque and thoroughly Italian looking town of Domo d'Ossola i. e., houses with colonnades, streets with awnings, shops teeming with sausages, maccaroni, and garlic, lazy-looking lazzaroni in red nightcaps and mahogany colored legs, intermixed with mules, burly priests, dirty friars in brown serge or white (?) flannel, and women with black lace mantillas and blacker eyes. This halting-place we had reached after an entire day's looking of most dispiriting augury. Through some carelessness on the part of our driver, the rain got unsuspected into one corner of the place appropriated to luggage, and into one end of a trunk, in which one of our party had stowed a quantity of lovely Swiss embroideries, purchased at Interlachen as presents for friends on our return. It was not until the next morning, when we were all ready for starting, and the sun had just risen with a promise of magnificent weather, which the day happily redeemed, that B—— suddenly discovered the fact of the insidious invasion of her trunk by the rain of the preceding day, and found, on her making an uneasy dive into the contents of the wetted end, that her beautiful collars and sleeves, which she had hoped to present to their future owners in all the glory of their pristine freshness, were as wet as though they had been dipped in the mountain streams which serve all Alpine washerwomen instead of soapsuds and boilers.

What was to be done? The carriage was waiting, the rest of the luggage on its way down stairs, and the gentlemen were sending up a succession of impatient messages to the effect that "a little wet was of no sort of consequence, that muslin was meant to go into water, that it was already past six o'clock, and that there was not a moment to lose if we would profit by the magnificent weather for the Pass, and reach the other side of the Simplon before nightfall." Thus pressed on all sides, but declaring it to be impossible to allow the mass of soaking muslin to go on all day diffusing its unwelcome moisture through dresses and mantles, B—— instantly took a desperate resolution, which, however, she kept to herself for the time being. Taking out the wet "things" from their unlucky corner, and stuffing a spare "wrap" to prevent further damage to its contents by the wetting the unhappy trunk had undergone, she rolled them up in a dry handkerchief, and followed her trunk down stairs, armed with her "resolution," and a great quantity of pins, and took her seat in the carriage.—But as soon as our rope-tackled chariot had cleared the little town and its loitering crowds, who watched us rumble along with the greatest interest, wished us a good journey, and poked fun at our unshaven Jehu, B—— emerged from her passivity, "undid" her roll of wet muslins, and, to the unspeakable horror of her companions, quietly proceeded to pin the same about the sides and hood of the open vehicle, wherever she could find room to stick pins into the dirty cloth lining.—There was a high, cold wind, that blew the "things" out like so many streamers; and as the road happened, for the first few miles, to be very full of carts and country people, our appearance naturally attracted a good deal of astonished observation, and little groups of priests and peasants would every now and then draw up as we went by, with our streamers flying, apparently uncertain whether we had hoisted signals of distress, or were a party of lunatics escaped from some madhouse. Eager, earnest and vain were the remonstrances, entreaties and threats of mischief addressed to B—— by the masculine members of our party; equally vain their repeated assurances that the wind would blow the "things" away, in spite of her pins.—B—— remained immovable, sustained by the reluctant sympathy of the other ladies, who, though sufficiently alive to the ridiculous appearance which our line of carriages presented, could not help admitting that they should hardly have had resolution to keep the poor muslins in their soaked condition until the evening.

The first part of our route lay in the shadow of the hills, and consequently the floating embroideries refused to get dry; but as the road mounted the side of the mountain, and we found ourselves in the sun, the process went on rapidly, the streamers were unpinned, and the hapless bits of muslin—looking very brown and limp—were again rolled up triumphantly by B——, without her having had to deplore any of the losses, through wind and jolting, which had been so maliciously predicted by her friends.

This noble road, begun by Napoleon in 1801, was finished in 1807, cost $25,000 per mile, employed 30,000 men at a time, has 611 bridges, with the far more costly and difficult constructions of terraces and galleries, the former being composed of massive masonry, many miles in length, and the latter, ten in number, being either cut out of the rock, or built of stone. There are upon it twenty houses of refuge for travellers overtaken by tempests or by avalanches, and it is maintained in repair by a permanent staff of several thousand laborers. The galleries are designed to enable the traveller to pass in safety the parts of the road most subject to avalanches; one or two of them pass directly under waterfalls that come down from the glaciers in the higher regions of the mountain, tumbling and foaming down before the windows of the galleries as you drive through them. The scenery is bold, grand, magnificent, utterly beggaring the resources of the pen; a splendid succession of deep and narrow ravines, where, from the depth of the shade in which you find yourself, you watch the sun sinking or rising behind the top of the precipices, lighting up the trees on its brink with a weird, silvery effulgence, that you never see except under similar conditions. As, winding along under the mountain, we were watching for one of these sunrises, we suddenly perceived, in the gradually increasing brightness of the spot behind which the sun was emerging, a great cloud of gnats. It seemed impossible that creatures so small could be seen, even with the aid of the peculiar conditions under which we saw them, at a distance above our heads of probably about 4,000 feet, and though we all exclaimed at once, "Look at those gnats!" we could scarcely credit the evidences of our senses. We could distinctly perceive that they were not birds, for they were too small and too shining; and they could not have been between us and the summit of the precipice, as one of our party suggested, because, in that case, as another pointed out, they would have been in its shadow, and utterly invisible. Doubt it who may, explain it who can, it is certain for all of us, that we really did see this cloud of dancing gnats, darting about, up and down, round one another, as is the manner of gnats on a summer day. Rocks, forests, streams, magnificent "shoulders" draped with glaciers and snowy crests, succeed each other throughout the whole of this splendid pass till the eye is weary of gazing, and the brain of admiring; and for this beautiful panorama we had a magnificent day. Could pen and paper enable me to reproduce any of the distinctive features of this wonderful display of natural sublimity and loveliness, I would bring before your readers, as perhaps the most admirable of a succession of admirable views, that unrivalled valley which one of our party, by a happy alliteration, qualified as "the gorgeous gorge of Gondo"—wild, savage, but most beautiful withal—and the vast panorama, crowned by snowy peaks, spread out before you as you commence the descent on the Swiss side.

The Hospice of the Little St. Bernard is a solid, strong, stone building, where the monks keep thirty beds for the service of benighted travellers, and where we saw a few of the noble great dogs—rather formidable-looking fellows—whose exploits in recovering travellers from the snow have rendered their congeners of the Great St. Bernard so famous; but of these and other "interesting particulars" I must say little, or I shall be guilty of extending the present letter to the inordinate length to which, as I am shocked to see, by certain recent numbers of The Post which have just reached me, some of its predecessors have attained.

From Visp to Zermatt was our next "trump card," Zermatt being the last point, at the foot of the Riffelberg, whence the traveller mounts to the summit of the Gorner-Grat, the next hill behind the Riffel, an isolated peak, which from its altitude, ought to be clothed in perpetual snow, but is not, from which the noblest view of snowy peaks in all the Alps rewards the climber for the toil of the ascent. The valley of Zermatt—a long day's journey, is itself exceedingly fine; unfortunately, we "did" it in a continuous shower-bath, that effectually shut out all the upper portion of its sides. The two inns were crammed to such a degree that we were kept for some time in doubt as to whether we could obtain beds; and of the mass of travellers, including the Prince de Joinville and his two sons, though these illustrious people, of course, kept out of sight of ordinary mortals—few probably resisted the temptation of getting up two or three times during the night to see whether there was any promise of "a clearing for the morrow." The enormous mass of the Matterhorn, like a gigantic sphynx cut in snow, towers above the valley, dwarfing every other feature of the scene; clouds hung heavily about it until dawn, when the mists rolled away, and a splendid sunrise followed.

We did not commence our ascension until eight o'clock; and while toiling upwards, under the returning clouds, met one or two groups who had been up with the dawn, had had a cloudless view of the glories of the region, and mockingly congratulated all whom they met on their descent, upon the fine prospect of clouds they would get from the summit! The people at the Riffel also foreboded storm; we made up our minds that this day's work, like so many others, would be a failure. However, up we went, the ascent being so bad point, beyond which horses cannot go, and clamber up the rest of the way on foot. The Gorner-Grat is about 9,000 feet above the snow; its top is but a few yards round; its base is in the midst of a continuous line of glaciers which environ it on every side but that up which you climb, and down to which, thousands of feet below you, the precipice is so sheer that you can see the bits of loose stone you detach with your feet, drop straight down into the dizzy abysses below.

Having climbed to the top, with the aid of frequent halts, on which occasions our store of malaga progressively diminished; we found a company of about twenty persons—all of whom, with the exception of one American and one Frenchman, were Englishmen, several of these being members of the Alpine Club—who were busy with "guides" and glasses, examining every detail of the marvellous scene around us, and anxiously watching the clouds which were drifting sullenly in among the peaks, and threatening to shut out the whole of the view. But by one of the sudden changes so common in these high altitudes, the weather suddenly began to clear, just as every one had made up their minds for a descent of several hours in a drenching rain, which, with the wind that rages on an open hillside, 9,000 feet above the sea, is anything than pleasant. A little rift in the clouds, showing a minute bit of blue, with sunshine above the mists;—then a bigger bit of blue, and then a rapid breaking-up of the vapors, a rapid rolling away from between the summits, and, in a few minutes more, the whole of the astounding circle of the snowy peaks, lit up dazzlingly by the sun, standing out clearly against a back-ground of glorious azure.

This transcendent Alpine panorama takes in, in an unbroken line, on either hand of the valley of Zermatt, the Cima di Jesi, Monte Rosa, (within a couple of hundred feet as high as Mont Blanc,) the Lyskamm, Castor and Pollux, the Breithorn, the Petit Cervin, the Matterhorn, Col d'Evalena, Dent Blanche, Grand Gorner, Gabelhorn, Rothhorn, Weisshorn, Lower Rothhorn, Rother Kumm, Alleinhorn, Rympfisch-horn, and a host of intermediate crests of lesser elevation. All these form parts of one vast mountain-rampart, whose base is in the vast ice-sea comprehending the famous Schwartze, Trifti, Theodule, Zmutt, Findelin, and other glaciers, renowned among lovers of the Alps. If there be nothing in natural scenery more magnificent than these snowy giants, so is there nothing more deceptive than the features of such a scene To look up at the white mass of Monte Rosa an ordinary eye would imagine that it might be climbed in an hour or two by a skillful climber; to look across the fissured expanse of the glacier between it and us, one would say it might be crossed in quarter of an hour. Yet Monte Rosa, as already remarked, is but a trifle lower than Mont Blanc, and the width of the glacier at its foot is said to be five miles as a bird flies! So, too, with the apparent height of the mountains; which strike one, at first, as being much less than one had expected; the fact being that these monsters are surrounded by others so high that their apparent height is diminished by this proximity. The Matterhorn, for instance, is flanked by comparatively low crests, and consequently, though its elevation is considerably less than that of Monte Rosa, it looks as though it were much higher, and forms, unquestionably, the most striking object in the Alps.

The splendid circle above described was completed to the eye, when we saw it, by the peaks of the northern Swiss chain; the Junfrau, Silberhorne, and others of the highest points of the Oberland showing across and above the valley of Zermatt, and making a complete ring of snowy summits.

To describe the peculiar noises that break the equally peculiar quiet of such a region is almost as difficult as to describe its beauties; cracks in the ice, like pistol-shots, the rumbling thunder of the avalanches, the roar of ice-streams, the sharp whistling of the wind; all concur, with the infinite variety of form, tone, and atmospheric coloring, to make up the *ensemble* of the Alpine world.

Of the lovely Lake of Neufchatel, and the still lovelier Lake of Geneva—whose waters are as beautifully blue as those of Lucerne are green, and with the same lovely lilac shadows—I can say but little, for they were shrouded in vapor through nearly the whole of the time we spent on their shores; the clouds being so dense and so persistent that Mont Blanc—our intended journey to which we had relinquished in consequence of the return of bad weather—only showed its huge silvery mass on the horizon, exactly as we came to the last turn in the lovely Bienne valley, better known as the famous Munster Thal, now generally deserted for the prosaic line of railway that has ruined its rims towards the French frontier.

One day of dull railway travelling and we leave Switzerland, with its glories and its disappointments; one day more of the same infliction, and we find ourselves again in Paris, looking mightily humdrum and prosaic after the scenes among which we have been sojourning, but full of its own lively bustle, with new streets, new squares, new fountains, gardens, trees and flowers, that have sprung into existence during the short period of our absence. Lamentable mania that has seized on the whole city, causing its people to pull down, not merely old houses that needed renewing, but good, well-built dwellings with honest walls that were walls, and insured the quiet of their occupants, and which are now being replaced all over the city by flimsy structures of lath, plaster and iron, in which you hear every little sound made by your neighbors, and miss, every moment, the superior buildings of former days.

QUANTUM.

"At Beauty's door of glass,
As Wit and Wealth once stood,
They asked her who should pass?
She answered, he who could.
With golden key Wealth thought
To pass, but 'twould not do,
While Wit a diamond brought,
And cut his bright way through."

☞ Before the introduction of carpets, to cover the floor with straw or rushes was deemed so necessary a point of courtesy, that when not performed, it was said that the host did not care a rush or a straw for his guest; hence the origin of the expression common now.

☞ An eminent English actor asserts that the disease in the throat to which clergymen are subject, arises from the use of feigned tones and the wearing of starched white cravats.

☞ Lord Townsend's butler in preparing the cloth for a choice festival, was unlucky enough to break a dozen of China plates, of a rare and beautiful pattern. "You blockhead," cries his lordship, meeting him presently after, with another dozen in his hand, "how did you do it?" "Upon my soul, my lord, they happened to fall just so," replied the fellow, and instantly dashed them also upon the marble hearth into a thousand pieces.

☞ "Madam," said a druggist, the other day, to a lady who was examining some cologne. "I assure you it is an excellent article: and if you will approximate the extension of your proboscis to the inclosed orifice of the bottle, you will perceive the truth of my assertion."

☞ In the reign of Henry the First, about the year 1130, a sheep could be bought in England for fourpence, and wheat enough for feeding one hundred men, a whole day, cost but a single shilling. But it was harder to get the shilling than it is now.

☞ Seneca says that love is a disease. It seems sometimes to be a combination of diseases—an affection of the heart and an inflammation of the brain.

☞ They say that Fortune is blind, and she certainly, as a general rule, makes her favorites so.

☞ Love may exist without jealousy, although this is rare; but jealousy may exist without love, and this is common.

☞ A man who has a reputation for saying smart things, must often be annoyed at having half-a-dozen fellows watching before his mouth, like so many cats before a rat-hole, to catch whatever comes out.

☞ Bite of a Rattlesnake.—A poultice of onions, tobacco, and salt, cured a carpenter in Petersburg, Va., of a bite from a rattlesnake.

☞ Garibaldi is a strange man. At Melazzo, after the fight, he took off his dirty shirt, washed it in the brook hard by, and hung it up on the bushes, ate his lunch of bread, fruit and water, smoked his cigar barebacked, and, wrapped in thought, sat apparently contemplating the drying of his garment. When his shirt was dry, he went on board the Tukeri, lying in the bay, and personally directed her fire upon the fortress and retiring masses.

☞ There are two languages that are universal—the one of love and the other of money. The girls understand one, and the men the other.

SONG.

BY LORD MACAULAY.

Oh, stay, Madonna! stay,
'Tis not the dawn of day
That marks the skies with yonder opal streak;
The stars in silence shine;
Then press thy lips to mine,
And rest upon my neck thy fervid cheek.

Oh, sleep, Madonna, sleep;
Leave me to watch and weep
O'er the sad memories of departed joys,
O'er hope's extinguished beam,
O'er fancy's vanished dream,
O'er all that nature gives and man destroys.

Oh, wake, Madonna! wake;
Even now the purple lake
Is dappled o'er with amber flakes of light;
A glow is on the hill,
And every trickling rill
In golden threads leaps down from yonder height.

Oh, fly, Madonna! fly,
Lest day and envy spy
What only love and night may safely know;
Fly, and tread softly, dear!
Lest those who hate us hear
The sound of thy light footsteps as they go.

A. D., 1897.

A WINTER UNDERGROUND.

The short but glorious summer of Lapland was drawing to a close, and I remembered with regret that the hour of my departure from Kublitz was at hand. Still I lingered, for I had spent several of the happiest weeks of my life in that fairy spot of earth, so far remote from the track of the bustling British tourist. I had grown attached to my simple-hearted hosts; and their constant kindness, their gay good-humor, and the freshness and novelty of the holiday-life, had indescribable charms for me. Kublitz is a place little known. It lies in Swedish Lapland, about a hundred and fifty miles beyond the extreme limits of Norway; and its silvery river and emerald pastures are surrounded by the far-stretching moorlands, of which by far the greater part of the country consists. Far away to the south might be seen, on a clear day, rising dimly above the vast purple moors, a line of blue peaks that faintly dotted the distant horizon. These are the Kohl Mountains, the mighty Scandinavian Alps which divide Norway from Sweden, and whose northernmost summits have often seemed to me, as I thus gazed on them from the Lapland wastes, the very outposts of European civilization. To the north, a line of low hills broke the distant sky-line—the *last* range, I was told, between fair Kublitz and the grim icy bergs of the lonely Arctic Sea. There, among those hills, the northern bear roamed unmolested in his shaggy strength, the unhunted wolf howled along the deep ravines, the marten clung to the pine-branch, and the elk ranged the brakes, *free from any fear of intrusive man. Nothing* would have tempted my kindly Lapland hosts to explore that mountain-range, guarded by a thousand superstitious legends, and named, in their figurative tongue, the Witches' Hills. But let me try to describe Kublitz itself, as I saw it first, basking in the short-lived smile of the arctic summer, when nature seems to compensate by a wondrous lavishness of love and care for the ephemeral character of the enjoyment.

All that rocky glen where the village nestled, all those verdant prairies that encircled it, those shrubby woods that belted the meadows, and were bounded in their turn by the trackless moors, had blossomed like a garden in Fairyland. Fruit and flowers! everywhere fruit and flowers! The gray rocks that rose above the houses blushed literally crimson with the wild strawberries—those wondrous strawberries that spring up everywhere in Lapland, whose profusion is such that they stain the hoofs of the reindeer and the sledge of the traveller, yet are so delicate and matchless in flavor, that the Czar himself sends for them, by *estafettes*, all the long, long way to his summer palace of Tsarzkoy-Chele. But strawberries are not the only gifts that bounteous summer flings with full hands upon Lapland. The crags, the meadows, the thickets glow and blossom with a thousand many-hued flowers; the meres and pools are white with lilies; the woods are full of strange fruits and joyous songs of birds; the grass springs up luxuriantly; the ferns, mosses, lichens have all their varied tints of deeper or brighter green; the moors are carpeted with red and purple heaths; and even the dangerous quagmires are ruddy with the tempting fruit of the cranberry. One never knows what a summer really is, never knows with what exuberant mirth the world can rejoice at bursting from the chains of winter, until one has seen Lapland.

And the people? Well, all I can say is, I liked them, and they me. I never met a young face or an old one among these simple folks that had not a pleasant smile for the stranger; I never went into a Lapland hut without finding a kindly welcome, for my worthy little hosts would bustle to fill the biggest bowl with milk, and the largest basket with berries, and to produce great piles of "smolke" and dried fish from the sea-coast, and, luxury unparalleled, perhaps even a great black loaf, brought all the way from Norway,) for Lapland has no bread) to do honor to the foreign guest. How could I help growing fond of these queer, elfin-looking, soft-hearted people? I had heard ugly stories of them among the Swedes and Norwegians: they were called savagers, idolaters, enchanters, even cannibals; but I can only say that they not only did not eat me, but even abstained from fleecing me, as nations much more polished and accomplished are in the habit of doing to wayfarers. The village of Kublitz was built of green boughs and wattles, the posts alone which supported each cottage being of pine-timber. In fact, the huts were not cottages—they were leafy booths such as the roving Tartar sometimes constructs; and these summer palaces of living verdure added to the holiday air of the place, and were suggestive of a perpetual pic-nic. But the true houses were under the earth, not above its surface. The green tents I have been describing were mere temporary pavilions; and beneath them, with only a low chimney, like a magnified mole-hill, peeping above ground, were the true homes of the Laplanders, the caverned storehouses for all their worldly wealth, and their own dwellings for more than nine months of the year. And now the time was coming when the green booths were to be deserted, and the sun to vanish, and the strange underground life, like a mole's, was to begin again for the long iron-bound arctic winter. Peter Wow, the chief man of the village, in whose wigwam I dwelt, warned me that the daylight would speedily cease, and that he had better prepare the boat to convey me down the river southwards, so that I might reach Norway 'before it got dark.' A strange idea seized me—what if I were to stop behind! I have been here through the daylight, the long-three-months' day, that puzzled me so terribly at first, and robbed me of my sleep, and made me blink like an owl at the unwearying sun that *would* shine at midnight, and which upset all the habits of my previous life. I recollected what a strange sensation that had been, how new, fresh and piquant; and it is not often, let me tell you, that a somewhat world-worn and world-wearied man, who has passed his grand climacteric, can discover a sensation that shall be at once new, fresh and piquant. I had promised to spend Christmas with my sister, in Gloucestershire, to be sure; but, "Pshaw!" thought I, "I can go next summer. Maria Jane hasn't seen me these eighteen years and more, so she can probably wait till Easter; and my nephews and nieces won't fret too much, I daresay, about the non-appearance of an uncle they never set their juvenile eyes upon. My mind is made up. I'll stay all night."

A pretty long night, too, reader—a night that begins in early October and ends in June. Having tried perpetual daylight, I was going to essay how I liked its antipodes. Peter Wow tried to dissuade me—I did not know what it was like, he said; but I told him that was my exact reason for going through the experience. Peter shrugged his shoulders: Madame Wow, or, more correctly speaking, Huswife Wow, (for Lapland is not a land of titles, and there is but one class, that of the yeomanry, with their dependants and servants,) lifted up her astonished eyes and hands; all the daughters tittered, and all the sons stared, at this remarkable decision on my part. But, as I not only paid Peter for my board and lodging at the unprecedentedly liberal rate of four silver rix-dollars a week, but could speak, and sing on occasion, in Swedish and Norse, knew a little of the Lapponic tongue, and played the fiddle and flute, besides being the owner of a musical-box, I was quite a popular character among my worthy entertainers, and my determination to rough it out through the long winter with them was taken as a compliment by the entire community. Accordingly, we moved into our winter quarters.

A Lapland winter hut has generally two drawbacks, of a nature almost unbearable to Europeans—it is too crowded, and it is shockingly smoky. But Peter Wow, chief of the village, was a rich man in his way, and had a roomy and commodious set of caverns for his dwelling, with furs and eider-down quilts in plenty, as became the owner of five hundred reindeer. The family slept in a quaint tier of little box-beds, about the usual length of mignonette troughs, which were sunk into the clay walls like a row of sleeping berths on board a packet ship. But I, as a distinguished foreigner, had a den to myself, such as a hermit of especially austere and self-mortifying tendencies might have constructed, for it was without a window of any kind, and air was admitted by means of the hollow trunk of an alder-tree, which had been thrust through the roof of the cave, and made a sort of wooden shaft overhead. The floor was carpeted, however, with soft dried moss, softer and more luxurious than the most costly three-piled velvet that ever loom wove; the bed was a pile of dressed deer-skins, as supple and pliant as silk; a copper lamp hung by a chain from the roof; I had pillows and bolsters stuffed with the plumage of the eider-duck and the wild swan, two bear-skin coverlets, and at least a dozen quilts of yielding eider-down; and, crowning magnificence! there was an old-fashioned chest of oaken drawers, with brass handles and key-plates, to which Peter Wow pointed proudly, as to a proof of intercourse with the civilized world of modern Europe. It was evidently some relic of a wreck off the North Cape, and had been dragged many a weary mile by the patient deer that drew the sledges. I fancied the scent of the sea hung about it still.'

Scarcely were we snugly established in our underground quarters, when, one fine evening, I was summoned to join a solemn procession which annually, according to immemorial custom, ascended a neighboring hill to see the last of the sun for that year, and bid the orb of day "good-bye!" It was a strangely picturesque sight, and not without its touching pathos, that assemblage of villagers, of every age, from the wrinkled grandsire who tottered on his staff, and with a palsy-shaken hand shaded his aged eyes as he watched that fast-declining sun which was setting, not for a night, but for a drear winter, and which he might scarcely hope to mark again, down to the child whose wondering eyes noted the scene for the first time since its reason began to dawn. All were there—the maidens and young men, the reverend elders, the feeble crones, who shivered already in the strange ominous chill that pervaded the air, the hardy hunters, the no less hardy shepherds, or rather deer-herds: old and young were gazing with a common purpose and a common intensity of feeling upon the sinking luminary. All kinds of wild imaginings, all manner of poetic memories, rushed in upon my mind as the sun approached the horizon, and prepared for the final plunge. The wild and mystic verses of Tegner, perhaps suggested by that very spectacle of the death of the northern sun, recurred to me with boding clearness. I began to wonder whether I had not been very rash and absurd in wishing to stop a winter in Lapland, like a mole in its burrow. I began to sigh after Gloucestershire, where the sun would shine out, many a day, on the crisp snow and frost-silvered boughs, when I should be left in Cimmerian darkness. Plunge! the red sun had flashed down below the horizon. A heavy twilight settled, as if by magic, over the fair landscape, still gilded by the smiles of summer. Alas! the good fairy, so beneficent, so bright, in her rainbow robe, studded with flowers, was gone, and King Frost was to reign over her devastated realms. Hark! the long wailing cadences of the sweet sad chant—an old, old heathen chant, of the days when Freya was worshipped, Freya, at once Venus and Summer of this far remote race—in which the Laplanders bewail the parting day! Now for the long, long night! Already, as we turned to quit the hill, after straining our eyes until the last faint glow had died away too—already an icy breeze had sprung up from the dim north-west, and I shivered and wrapped my cloak round me at the sudden sensation of cold. "It is the snow-wind," said an old Laplander, as we paced down to the village; "no more flowers for the lasses to braid in their hair this year."

I must confess that I felt uncommonly like a frightened child left alone in the dark, and regretted my whim for staying among the Laps. Nay, but for very shame, I believe I should have proposed to hire Peter Wow's boat, before the ice should seal up mere and river, and start, like a bird of passage, in pursuit of the sun. The country seemed to me to change in the unwonted twilight; the familiar rocks of the glen, the far-away moorlands, the pine thickets, assumed a weird aspect; even the faces of my entertainers looked strange and grotesque, and their pigmy figures impish, in the deep shadow. Then, too, the singular feeling that all this was not a dream—that it was real waking life—that I had actually seen the sun go down into an obscurity that was to last for the better part of a year—and that I was going to try and while away a winter-night that would have given time to Scheherazade herself to exhaust a quarter of her budget of stories—all this bewildered me. But that night there were high revels held among the dwellers in caves. Peter Wow as chief of the village, entertained all the beauty and wealth (all the ugliness and poverty as well) of Kublitz in his hospitable halls underground. Torches blazed and sputtered; lamps, fed by seal-oil and deer's fat, were lighted, and hung to every bracket and projection through all the subterranean dwelling; and at a very early hour, the monotonous but impatient beating of the Lapland drum summoned the guests. All Kublitz was there, young and old, in holiday garb. There were games and sweetmeats for the children, dancing for the lads and lasses, and abundance of tobacco, gossip, liquors for the seniors of the village. A pet reindeer—a lovely milk-white creature, almost hidden by the flowers with which it was garlanded—was led through the rooms by a rope of roses held by six young maidens. Six young hunters followed, each with a drawn sword, with which they were presently to figure in the ancient sword-dance of Scandinavia. The orchestra, composed of the strangest-looking instruments, still managed—for the Laps are a very musical people—to discourse sweet sounds, now of wild pathos, now almost maddeningly gay and exciting. Such hearty, vigorous, agile dancing I never beheld. Even in the gayest circles of Stockholm, a primitive capital, in which the elegant world has not yet become too languid for enjoyment, those Lapland dancers would have been wonders, and yet there was nothing boisterous or ungainly in their movements. Indeed, these were as sprightly and almost as small as fairies, and had something of the fawn-like elasticity and grace of childhood in all their motions. I felt the thrill of the music awake forgotten sympathies, and half wished to dance too, and regretted that I was too mature and too bulky to be a fitting partner for one of those lithe, small-limbed elfins of Lapland, who were sweeping so trippingly past me. Peter Wow did offer to procure me a partner; but I saw, by the twinkle of his eye, that he meant nothing more than a jest, and I should have felt, like Gulliver, afraid of crushing the whole Lilliputian company. Indeed, it was a marvellous sight that assembly of small folks under the level of the earth, and it put me in mind of what I had heard of the Daione Sheah of Scottish legends, and their revelry within some haunted hill. I could hardly help fancying I was really a captive or a guest of a troop of carousing gnomes, or that, like the Rhymer, I had been borne away to Fairyland, and had but a faint prospect of revisiting the real daylight world again.

Peter Wow, the tallest man in the community, had attained the gigantic stature of five feet four, and, with his high red cap set jauntily on his gray locks, his enormous white beard and mustaches flowing down like a frozen river, and his uniform costume of reddish-brown cloth, looked uncommonly like the King of the Drows or Gnomes, as Norse superstitions describe him. The still more dwarfish assemblage presented every variety, from the grotesque and witchlike ugliness of the old women, to the infantine and diminutive beauty of some of the young girls. The children were almost all pretty and rosy of complexion, but age, it seems, comes on with terribly swift strides among these dwellers of the frozen world, as well as with the sun-scorched Asiatic; and I looked in vain for the pleasant matronly faces that never fail to meet the eye in a temperate climate. There seemed to be a quick transition from delicate youth to weired age. Some of the men were fine active little fellows, wonderfully strong, in spite of their pigmy stature, and full of life and fire. It has been essayed, more than once, to raise troops among the Laplanders; but in vain, for the little warriors cannot endure the ridicule of their big comrades of Swedish or Norse stock, and endless quarrels are sure to keep a garrison in hot water if a Lap is enlisted. There is the Swedish-Lapland corps of sharpshooters, who serve on snow-shoes, and form a militia on the border; and there the sensitive little heroes are less exposed to be derided because their heads can barely touch the sixty-inch standard. The Laps profess to despise all Swedes, Norwegians, and Southerners generally, as a heavy and stupid race, whose large limbs and lofty forms are given them as a compensation for their scanty stock of brains. And indeed the Norsemen always say: "He who deals with a Lap gets the worst of the bargain;" for the small folks have wonderful acuteness with all their simple bearing. But I believe that in their secret hearts the tiny tribe value size and height above all things. I know Peter Wow was prodigiously vain because his head was within an ace of being level with my shoulder; and I think many a young fellow would have bartered his youth for my six feet of perpendicular elevation which never gained its owner any remarkable popularity elsewhere.

The next morning I had a surprise indeed. A shout from the upper earth aroused me, and scrambling to the outer air, I beheld the rocks, the black pine copse, the illimitable moorlands, one dazzling, all-pervading sheet of blinding snow. All gone! the fair flowers, the song-birds, the uncultured fruits that offered their profusion everywhere, blooming heather, and green grass, all gone! buried, until next summer brought back the daylight, beneath a spotless unvarying shroud of virgin snow. To my great relief, it was not as dark as I had expected. A sort of hazy shimmering light prevailed, like moonbeams through a mist. The northern wind blew keen; and even as I gazed, the blinding snow-flakes came whirling down again, and seemed to bury the dead summer deeper at every instant.

"They are plucking the wild goose's feathers finely up there, north," said Peter Wow, unconscious that his proverb was a British as well as a Lapland one.

We all laid by our summer clothes, put on our manifold wraps of fur and woollen, and betook us to winter avocations. And now came a strange season, when it was hard to say whether it was day or night, or both, or neither. The lamps were never suffered to go out; the fiddles and drums, the bone-flute and the musk-ox's horn, were never silent for three consecutive hours; and there seemed no regular times for meals, or sleep, or work, or recreation. On the contrary, music, and such simple labors as could be performed underground, and dancing and cooking, to say nothing of eating, drinking and gossipping, went on in a promiscuous fashion through the twenty-four hours of what would, down south, have been a legal day. If any one felt tired or sleepy, he or she went to sleep; the hungry ate, the thirsty drank; the perpetual fires constantly cooked the most outlandish messes; the fiddles and drums went on as if self-acting; the reindeer were fed, tended, and milked; [illegible] trinkets chiseled, and stories related to gaping listeners, all at once, and all for ever. I left off looking at my watch at all, except mechanically. I went about as a sleep-walker might; I dreamed standing. I passed great part of that wonderful winter not unpleasantly, but in a sort of amiable nightmare. Of course, I saw no newspapers: the world might wag as it pleased. It was in the daylight—I in the dark. Of course, I received no letters: the post-courier was shut out, along with the sun, and I was the tenant of a strange lamp-lit, moonshiny world.

We were not always underground. In the fine weather, the reindeer were driven out to browse on the lichens and mosses, from which they scratched away the snow with their fore-feet. There were hunting-parties, too, when we chased and slew the white wolves, the white hares, the martens, the deer, the birds, all and every one in their winter livery of white. There was the ermine chase, and the chase of the white fox, and a grand battle with an old giant of a bear, who presumed on the superstitious respect the Laps have for "Old Grandfather Wizard," as they call him, and robbed the storehouses, until his thefts became unbearable. The wolf-hunts were rather dangerous; but the bear was a terrible fellow; he wounded four of our best hunters, cowed the dogs with his ursine hugs, and nearly beat the whole community, when a lucky shot laid him low. And then there were the glorious drives! Oh, the wild excitement of sweeping over the frozen snow in a deer-drawn sledge, swift as a hawk on the wing, every bell jangling, and the wild driver singing as he cheers on his antlered team, that fly like the wind over the dazzling white moorlands! The worst of it is, it takes away your breath uncommonly; and when I waxed confident, and *would* drive personally, I was run away with, of course, upset with an awful purl into a drift five fathom deep, and dug out ignominiously, amid much laughter of the little folks, who greatly crowed over clumsy Gulliver. Still, the drives were famous fun. I was frost-bitten twice, and revived by a snow-rubbing; but, worse, I was struck with snow-blindness, for I had to pass a fortnight in my cabin in absolute darkness, and was not the happier for the reflection that my own obstinacy in refusing to wear snow-spectacles had brought this agreeable seclusion upon me. But the kind little folks bustled about me, and told me the most wonderful stories of gnomes, witches, geni, and so forth, all with perfect childish belief and gravity, and sang and played to me, and lightened my loneliness considerably. When I recovered I was thankful for the spectacles, and never suffered from the glare any more.

So the winter wore on. The Laps were always kind, gentle, and gay, in their strange semi-pagan way, though I trembled lest I should really be ill, beyond cure of their simple remedies, and abandoned to the wizard, a sort of medicine-man among them, who beats his magic drum, and mutters spells over the sick, as among the American Indians. Not that the Laps are idolaters now, although, in 1700, Bishop Gunner found a few heathens still among them, who worshipped a black stone. On the contrary, we had a pastor of the Swedish Church at Kublitz. But he was a native Lap, a meek little man, who had half forgotten his small stock of learning acquired at Upsala; and I am sure he put perfect faith in the wizard, as the latter moved about, haughty and mysterious, in his blue magic dress, and was not the sort of priest to eradicate the superstitions which he avowedly shared. Besides the wizard, we possessed two witches, impish crones, in pointed caps of white fox-skin, who derived fees and much reverence from the fears of the community. Yet my hosts looked on themselves as civilized folks, compared with their more northern neighbors. "All had tribes up north," Peter Wow would say in his broken Swedish; "shoot you if you go there, for fear you come for harm! Cannibals up there! and you know the Lapland muskets never miss!" Indeed, they very seldom *do* miss, at a moderate range.

But the Merry Dancers! I was going to omit the most strangely splendid sight that ever astonished my eyes, and to which a whole Royal Academy of artists could never do justice. The Northern Lights, the customary auroras and meteors, were unusually splendid about mid-winter; but once, as I was returning from a sledge-excursion, an exclamation from my guide made me start. I shall never forget the scene. The heavens were one vast pavilion of many-colored light: blue, orange, fiery red, deep violet, now paved with fiery gold, now spangled with lustrous gems, all blended in one glowing mass; while beneath, and touching the snowy plain, wheeled and sparkled, as in fantastic dance, a hundred columns of prismatic fire, that seemed the creation of some wild dream. These were the Merry Dancers, the wondrous Lights of the North. Ah! it was a pleasant winter; and I protest that I was half sorry when we all went up the hill again, and hailed the rising sun, and day and summer came pouring in at once; and the boat was prepared, and I bade my gnome hosts adieu, and went off to the daylight, open air, Gloucestershire world again.

ENGLISH OPINION OF AMERICANS.

The American people are not a polite race, not very refined in their manners, nor very congenial in feeling with the denizens of the Old World, but they are essentially, in their own phraseology, a go-ahead people. They all ways contrive to weather upon us in all that pertains to competition or "battles by land or fights by sea." If not by downright fair means, yet by some means or other, the Yankees always find a way to whip Johnny Bull. They taught us that 18-pound shot would not knock about a ship after the fashion of a 24-pound shot; they let us into a secret (I know it is a sore subject) as regards a flat sail and a long hollow bow in yachts; they laughed at our disaster at Balaklava, and asked where were our revolvers, and told us that a body of Yankee cavalry 600 strong, if called upon to make that charge, would have fired 3,600 shots upon the enemy at a distance where missing was impossible; however, they did full justice to the desperate valor of our men. They also claim for their war authorities more sagacity than our people possess, in having armed them with Colt's revolvers in the Mexican war, some ten years before the commencement of the Russian war, at which time that terrible weapon was absolutely unknown in England. Again, over comes a Yankee with half a dozen American-bred race-horses, and as opposed to all England, walks off with the great Newmarket, Cæsarewitch, and Goodwood stakes, and has lately been first favorite for the same operation at Goodwood. These American horses appear as 'cute as possums or coons. They run last at so many races that you begin to believe them to be as slow as tortoises, when, without its being at all accounted for, they run fast enough to beat all the horses that have beaten them. Wal, I guess Jonathan whipped us with big frigates, still, mind you, with frigate against frigate, so now he has produced a big giant, who nearly knocked and choked the life out of our small champion. Still, Tom Sayers was our pugilistic champion, and thanks to his bull-dog propensities, is not to be choked off even by a giant; and as one fistic champion rates as a match for another, and thus Jonathan goes ahead. In the Crimea, the American revolver pistol, or our improvement upon it, was denied to our men, but purchased by our officers at their own cost. We went through the East Indian rebellion with no sign of improvement in our cavalry weapons until the eleventh hour, when at last a regiment of hussars got revolvers, and their previous bloodless victories ceased, and sanguinary onslaughts were made on the flying foe by a weapon which proved as destructive in the hands of our men, *when they got it*, as in the hands of the Americans.—*London Examiner.*

How to be Happy.—The happiest man in this world is the man of moderate desires. Wealth is an enviable thing; so is distinction; so is power; so is learning—so are all combined. But he who enjoys each or all of these, and still vainly desires more, is not happy. He is not contented, and discontent is infelicity. On the contrary, he who has little, yet wants less, is rich—for he has more than he needs: whether it be houses or honors, public *eclat*, or private enjoyments, the result is still the same.

An Old Man's Advice.—The Reverend Daniel Waldo says:—"I am now an old man. I have seen near a century. Do you want to know how to grow old slowly and happily? Let me tell you. Always eat slowly—masticate well. Go to your occupation smiling. Keep a good nature and soft temper every where. Cultivate a good memory, and to do this you must be communicative; repeat what you have read; talk about it. Doctor Johnson's great memory was owing to his communicativeness."

☞ A man may be a fool with wit, but never with judgment.

THE GOOD-BYE.

"George—George!"

"Well, what's wanting now?"

The young husband turned back the door-knob, and there was impatience in his tone and annoyance on his brow, as he answered his wife's call.

"Nothing, papa, only baby and I just want to kiss you good-bye," and she came toward him, the little graceful, sweet-voiced woman, with her baby in her arms, and held up the small soft face to his cheeks, and the little one crowed, and thrust up its dimpled hands, and clutched the short thick locks triumphantly.

"Oh, baby, you rogue, you'd like to pull out a handful of papa's hair, wouldn't you now?" laughed the merchant, in a tone so unlike his former one that you would not have recognized it, and he leaned down and kissed the small fragrant lips over and over.

"Now it's my turn, papa," and Mrs. Williams smoothed away the rumpled hair, and kissed her husband's forehead; and as he went out of the house that morning a new softness and peace had erased the troubled look from the man's face.

And that day it was appointed to George Williams to pass through a sharp and fearful temptation.

He was in the midst of a commercial crisis, and several of his heaviest debtors had failed that week, and now a payment of ten thousand dollars was due, and there was no way to pay raise sum unless—

He held the pen irresolutely in his sinking hand. The veins were swollen into great blue cords on his forehead, and the breath came thick and fast betwixt his hot lips; a few scrawls of that pen, a solitary name at the bottom, and the young merchant could secure the ten thousand dollars, and his business credit would be safe. There was no sort of doubt, too, but he could raise the money within a few days, and thus secure himself from all discovery, and the pressing circumstances of the case certainly allowed some limits in financiering.

So whispered the tempter, as he walked up and down the soul of George Williams, always softening down the word forgery into some false name, which totally changed to his perceptions the moral complexion of the deed he was about to commit.

The young merchant's eyes glared all around the office, but there was none to see him then; he dipped his pen with a kind of desperate eagerness into the tall porcelain inkstand, and he drew it along the paper, when suddenly his hand paused, struck by a thought—the memory of his wife's kiss that morning.

He saw her as he saw her last, standing in the door, the baby in her arms, her sweet face full of motherly tenderness and wifely trust, as she lifted it to him in parting; the voice of the tempter passed away before that rush of holier emotion which blurred the man's eyes; he dashed down the pen. "Mary! Mary! you have saved your husband; sink or swim, I will not do this deed; I should blush for shame to meet your eyes and our baby's to-night, if I carried the burning consciousness in my own soul, though no other man ever did or would. Mary, my little wife, you won't know it, but that good-bye kiss of yours this morning, has saved your husband from this great sin."

George Williams did not sink. It was a hard struggle, but the storm passed by without falling on him as it did on many others, and Mary, his wife, never knew that she had saved her husband from a sin which, in her eyes, would have been worse than death.

The good which we have done we shall know, "not here, but hereafter," and the best and truest lives are those which strew all the years with the sweet aromas of loving and self-sacrificing deeds.

As the water-lilies take root, and grow silently amid the slime and mud in the low waters, until in the midsummer they open their creamy vases to the soft persuasions of the sunshine, and lie in snowy flotillas on the bosoms of the streams, the glory and idealization of all flowers, so amid the lowlands of life, among its shadows and mists, have we also to sow day by day our small seeds of gentle and generous deeds, not knowing when they take root, or expecting to behold their unfolding into blossoms on the river of time.

Oh, ye who sigh to set your lives within the arabesques of great and noble deeds, who pant for broader horizons, and higher opportunities, God has appointed you a work where you are.

Every day lifts up its white chalice out of the night, and is held down to you through all its solemn, silent-footed hours, for those small labors of love, whose true significance and relations we shall only understand in eternity.

And in this small daily labor lies much of woman's work, and her sweet home influences fall like the sunshine and the evening dew, upon the characters around her.

She may little comprehend what a silent force of healing, restraining, strengthening influence she is exerting, and periods of unrest and despondency may fill many hours with shadows, which would be illuminated with joy and thanksgiving, if she could only "know as she is known."

But the pictures of all lives are locked up in the eternal gallery, and the angels hold the keys, and when God's voice speaks the word, the doors shall be opened, and when we go in we shall all "behold" and understand.

☞ Mr. Nathaniel Ingersoll Bowditch, of Boston, has just performed a deed the mention of which is its highest praise. He has endowed sixteen scholars in Harvard College, each having an annual income of $250. They are to be bestowed year by year on young men of limited means, who give promise by their conduct and devotion to their studies of future usefulness and distinction. This makes the number of scholarships in Harvard thirty-two, with an annual income of $7,800.

☞ A woman may laugh too much. It is only a comb that can always afford to show its teeth.

DROPS OF RAIN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CARRIE MYER.

They come in silvery showers,
And what a glory fills the greenwood bowers!
Methinks the leaves do shout!
That all their gentle tongues cry out
O'er hill and plain,
"Praise to the God of rain!"
Oh, heart all sad and sorrowing,
Troubles from trifles borrowing,
See how the earth is glad and beautiful!
Be thou all dutiful,
Look up and trust,
Thy God will raise thee from the dust.

Oh, shining jewels from the Eternal Hand!
Oh, sweet revivers of the thirsty land!
Oh, wondrous miracles of life and light,
Wrought with the passing night!
Oh, soothers soft and rare,
I lean out gladly in the dusty air,
To feel you on my weary head;
Oh, cheer the heart whose hope is dead!
Bright, blessed drops of rain,
Ye have not come in vain!
As drinks the earth your gracious freshness down,
My soul is wreathed with mercy's rainbow crown.

Mount Home, O.

VIOLET;

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER V.

The dinner at Kingswood Manor was to have been a very brilliant affair. Actuated by high political motives, Lord Kingswood, of Kingswood, had forwarded invitations to all the people of wealth and influence residing within ten miles of the estate, and the invitations had, in nearly every instance, been responded to by the personal presence of those thus specially favored. For, be it understood, it was considered in the county a high favor to be entertained by special invite at the table of Lord Kingswood, of Kingswood.

Among those thus assembled were the Stafforths, of Hooke, descendants of one of the oldest families in the county—the squire, his lady, and son—three quaint, old-fashioned looking people. Solemn were they in aspect, stiff and starched in manner, extremely reserved in speech, and seemed, in fact, to be converted into stone statues by an excessive sense of their own dignity. Looking at them, it was difficult to say which was the oldest, the son or the father, or the mother or the son. They all possessed large, light, golden, hazel eyes, which every now and then they proudly hid from view by dropping their capacious eyelids over them. Altogether, they resembled three owls, seated in gloomy majesty, and admirably represented the antiquity of their origin.

In strong contrast to the Stafforths, of Hooke, were the Cottons, of Dursley Court, who were altogether a family of a very new creation. That is to say, Ebenezer Cotton could, in common with the rest of his species, trace his lineage down, through Noah, to Adam, but it was a species of inquiry he had no desire to enter upon, as his immediate progenitor was not known to the parish authorities, who brought him up in infancy, and turned him, while yet a child, into a factory. He was an instance of what may be accomplished by persevering and indomitable energy and enterprise, and what may be achieved by small wages and large profits. Once a parish boy, he was now a merchant prince, and proprietor of Dursley Court, which he had bought for two hundred thousand pounds. Mrs. and the two Miss Cottons kept giggling with each other at the staid appearance of the old, old Stafforths. There was the Vicar of Kingswood and his lady; Mr. Spafforth Wilks, a rising barrister, prepared to talk any one out of their mind at a moment's notice; Mr. Chiselhall, member of Parliament for Tutbury; Sir Walter Avon, of Hawksbury, and his son Philip, together with many others it would add nothing to the interest of this tale to mention, save that they were all invited to further certain political views entertained by Lord Kingswood.

They were also invited to meet the Marquis of Chillingham.

The Marquis was an influential minister and a member of the cabinet. It was in his power to largely promote the political advancement of Lord Kingswood, and, in short, almost to secure the aim of his ambition.

Lord Kingswood was, therefore, exceedingly anxious that the Marquis should be received and treated with the greatest possible deference and respect. The singular conduct of Lady Kingswood consequently filled him with inexpressible chagrin and rage.

It was not possible to alter the arrangement made by Lady Kingswood, in respect to the occupation of the post of honor at the table, and Lord Kingswood was obliged to make the best he could of the *contretemps*, besides concealing the mortification he suffered. He was very profuse in his attentions to the Marquis, who received them coldly, but with dignity. Lord Kingswood thought little of this, because it was the accustomed manner of the Marquis; but his brow lowered, and he bit his lip, as he observed the dun, blue eyes of the Marquis settle first upon Ele, then upon Lady Kingswood, and perceived, at the same time, a slight elevation of his eyebrows, followed by a satirical smile, faintly curling his upper lip.

Lord Kingswood followed the Marquis to the dining-room, almost dragging the stately Mistress Stafforth, of Hooke, to whom he had given his arm, with him in his eagerness to speak to the Marquis as they approached the dining-room.

"Her ladyship, you perceive, my lord Marquis," he whispered, "preserves her wayward wilfulness—a peculiarity I fancy your lordship has already observed and commented upon with your accustomed amiable consideration."

The Marquis exhibited an even row of white teeth, the perfection of the dentist's art, and then speaking as though he was suffering from a slight affection of the throat, which compelled him to speak thickly, though not hoarsely.

"It is, I presume, her ladyship's prerogative—nay, surely that of every lady, especially the young; am I not right, Lady Maud?" he added, addressing the beautiful young girl whose fingers rested lightly upon his arm.

Lady Maud dropped her eyes and smiled, but made no reply.

The Marquis continued, certainly not in an under tone, as his lustreless eye once more settled on the form of Erle.

"Really, a handsome, well-formed young fellow that upon whose arm Lady Kingswood is now leaning, with quite a distinguished air, too. Who is he, Kingswood?"

A pair of bright, though timid eyes were bent upon Erle as the Marquis referred to him. Perhaps the fingers so lightly resting upon his coat-sleeve trembled, perhaps a rising blush tinged the cheek of the fair, young Lady Maud, and no doubt a strange throbbing of the heart accompanied her involuntary anxiety to catch Lord Kingswood's answer.

Lord Kingswood blushed, but not slightly; a scarlet hue suffused his cheek, and he was visibly embarrassed, not the less so because he perceived that Lady Maud glanced up at his face, as if curious to hear his reply.

"A—my lord Marquis, he is a—a—an orphan, the son of a friend—a—I might say, a relative of—of—"

"Her ladyship's," suggested the Marquis in a dry, sarcastic tone.

"A—no—a—yes—yes, my lord Marquis," stammered Lord Kingswood.

"In short, a family secret, Kingswood?" observed the Marquis, dropping his voice.

"A FAMILY SECRET, MY LORD!" returned Lord Kingswood in a low, sharp, emphatic whisper, intended evidently to close the subject of conversation.

Lord Kingswood glanced at the face of the Lady Maud as he passed her to take his post at the table, but though her cheek was flushed, and her eyes were downcast, he fancied, as he hoped, that she had not heeded his brief conversation with the Marquis.

Nevertheless, not a word had escaped her.

As the company thronged into the dining-room, Lord Kingswood turned his eyes in the direction of his wife, and saw her at her accustomed place, standing with Erle Gower at her side.

Her face was turned towards the door, and a triumphant smile passed over her features as her eye met her husband's disturbed and mortified glance. He in an instant detected that she expected the approach of one of their guests, intending to invite him to a seat near to her. He was exceedingly anxious that the Marquis of Chillingham should not be that person, and he turned to give some instructions to his butler to conduct his noble and distinguished visitor to a seat upon his own right hand.

He was too late; Lady Kingswood had caught the eye of the Marquis as he entered; a gesture exceedingly slight was sufficient, without the presence and the profound and frequent inflections of that awful dignitary, the butler, who bowed to high nobility—who had been already instructed by his mistress, quite contrary to the wishes of Lord Kingswood. The Marquis, still conducting Lady Maud, advanced to her ladyship's end of the table, and placed himself, at her request, upon her right hand.

Erle, silent, reserved, a sad expression on his face, yet with a proud bearing outwardly, though inwardly embarrassed, took, by her ladyship's directions, his seat upon her left hand. Lady Maud occupied the seat next to him.

Cyril Kingswood, full of life and animation, was placed near to his father and between the two giggling Miss Cottons, whose dresses were blazing with diamonds a princess might have envied them the possession of. The other guests were disposed according to pre-arrangement.

And so the dinner commenced.

Lord Kingswood had intended to make political capital out of this entertainment. He was in an eminent degree master of the art of conversation. Well educated and well read, he was able to impart information and knowledge with ease and fluency. He possessed much grace of manner, and when he desired to captivate his hearers his voice assumed a mellow tone, his face wore a winning smile, his deportment became courteous and affable; he listened patiently and attentively to whatever remarks were addressed to him; and if he wished to enforce his own view of the case he did so by skillfully attaching much value to the opinion he opposed, but supported his own case by elaborate arguments, insinuated rather than logically propounded.

Never had he more deserved to shine, never did he feel himself so completely obscured by circumstances as unexpected as they were incontrollable. The unbidden guest was the spectre at his board, who drove all other thoughts out of his brain. Macbeth was never so disturbed by the appearance of Banquo at his feast as Lord Kingswood was at the presence of the pale, haughty-looking boy who sat with silent dignity by the side of his wife, the "observed of all observers."

It was in vain that his lordship endeavored to display marked attention to the solemnly dreary Stafforths, to be complaisant with the merchant prince, to be respectful to the clergyman, argumentative to the barrister, chatty with Sir Walter Avon, and agreeable generally. He could not keep his eyes from wandering incessantly in the direction of Lady Kingswood, from watching Erle Gower, or trying to catch the expression upon the face of the Marquis of Chillingham, as, conversing with Lady Kingswood, he kept his eyes continuously fixed upon Erle's face.

Sick at heart, confused by the disturbed thoughts and suspicions which rushed through his brain, he found himself several times replying incoherently to observations made to him, or talking at random on subjects which occasional fits of sudden and profound abstraction had prevented him from comprehending. Thus lacking the vivacity and animation necessary to infuse a spirit of cheerfulness and ease into the minds of his guests, the conversation soon began to flag and to subside into subdued conversation, each with his neighbor in silence. An air of restraint prevailed, and there was not one present who did not feel it, or wonder at the cause.

If Erle had a consolation under his embarrassing position, it was that he was seated next to the fair, young Lady Maud.

He had been very favorably impressed with her face and form in their first brief and remarkable interview, and now that he beheld her in a blaze of light, her charms, aided by all that fashion, taste, and elegant attire could contribute, it is easy to comprehend that his good opinion was considerably heightened.

It was not her loveliness, however, that attracted him, or, rather, he was not conscious that it had enchained him. There was a soft, gentle expression in her kind, beaming eyes, and a sweetness and amiability shining in her countenance, which drew his heart towards her.

He had been almost instantaneously struck by a conviction that he should like her very much when he came to know her, that they should be hereafter friends, and that, however coldly or harshly all the world might treat him, he should find in her a tender, sympathising friend.

It has been asserted that there is no friend to man so kind, so real, so true, as woman. Erle believed, he knew not why, that whatever acquaintances he might hereafter form among his own sex, no such friend would be met with as the Lady Maud.

As he sat by her side and thought of this, his heart beat fast and his hands trembled. Had his presence at this dinner been a far severer ordeal, its pains and trials would have been more than compensated by the bliss he felt in sitting side by side with this young and beautiful girl.

He had no thought of love; he had read of such a passion, heard of it, seen country examples down shady lanes or retired by-ways, but only saw on its evidences two folks of opposite sexes, who looked pretty much as if they were sulking with each other, and were altogether very bad company. It never occurred to him that he might fall in love with her and become very bad company too.

His general idea was a close, sincere, and sympathizing friendship; he wished himself her brother—no, not exactly her brother—a cousin. Yes, a cousin—that affinity would have been enough to place them on very pleasant friendly terms, and heartily he wished he was Cousin Cyril.

A feeling of pain and discontent shot through his breast, and he turned his eyes in the direction in which Cousin Cyril sat. He expected, he could not have informed himself why, to have found the eyes of Cyril glaring wrathfully upon him, but he perceived, on the contrary, that he was full of glee and life, affording great amusement to the Miss Cottons who smirked, and laughed, and felt themselves, under the influence of his direct attentions, to be in great force. Cyril, it was evident, did not feel discomfort nor was disturbed at the close proximity of Erle to his cousin, Lady Maud, and Erle experienced a feeling of relief at the discovery, and he began to think that he liked Cousin Cyril better than he did when first they met.

While this thought was passing through his mind, he became conscious that he was the object upon which a pair of dark, glittering eyes were fastened, with a sinister as well as an inquisitive expression.

He returned the gaze with a full, fixed look, his own clear, intelligent eyes, courting, as it were, examination and inquiry. The dark eyes slowly fell beneath the direct attack to which they were subjected, and then Erle turned his own upon the face of Lady Maud, to find her eyes also perusing his face with steadfast attention.

Their eyes met.

What a profound, though voiceless eloquence, the eye discourses. What need of words, when a language so ardent and earnest can be employed without speech. If there be an electric communication in the touch, how much more rapid, thrilling, powerful in its effects, is the electric spark darted from eye to eye!

Erle felt, as the lustrous, earnest eyes of Lady Maud met his own, an emotion pass through his breast, such as he had never in his life before experienced.

He saw nothing but her liquid, luminous eyes fixed on his own with an admiring, dreamy expression, painful from the very intensity of felicity it created.

It was the first fond, delicious sense that had ever, like a gleam of sunshine, penetrated his sad heart, that at least there was one being in the world to care for him; some one who would rejoice in his happiness, or grieve at his afflictions; and a deep sigh burst from his throbbing breast.

He perceived that Lady Maud received the renewal of his, perhaps, rather too eager gaze, with downcast eyes, but he also saw the eloquent tell-tale blood rise up in her fair face, and tint, with rose-bloom, her alabaster forehead.

He wished to speak, for he knew her thoughts were of him; but not usually at a loss for utterance, he felt, now, bereft of words. Not a topic that he could consider worthy of introducing to her could he think of, although he cast about far and wide for one, and was very, very solicitous to discourse with her.

A theme was, however, found him by the owner of those dark eyes which had previously vexed him by their prying, malevolent aspect. They were now turned upon him with a wrathful, menacing expression, which he retorted with a glance of proud defiance, and they were again withdrawn from him with a scowl which promised a rancorous enmity.

He curled his upper lip in disdain, and, turning his face to Lady Maud, he said, in a low tone—

"I am unfortunately situated, Lady Maud, in being an utter stranger to every one present, save to yourself."

Lady Maud raised her eyes with some surprise, and responded, in accents of a timid character.

"Save to me, sir?"

"Perhaps I am saying too much in making that observation," he answered, in an undertone; "yet, by a happy accident, the remembrance of which I shall always welcome with pleasure, our first meeting was one of less reserve than usually occurs between strangers."

Lady Maud blushed to the temples once more, yet she could not help smiling, and Erle saw at a glance that the recurrence to the incident had not offended her, even though she made no reply.

"We have not been introduced, Lady Maud," he continued, in the same low tone. "Lady Kingswood has omitted to present me to you, and Lord Kingswood, so occupied by the presence of his guests, has, I presume, forgotten to do so. Yet, by my position at this table, you can easily understand that I possess no ordinary claim to sit where I do, and I do assure you, Lady Maud, I possess even yet more powerfully a hope that you will consider me to have some title to your condescension. I am most solicitous to be at least on speaking terms with you. Will you so far honor me by permitting me to introduce myself?"

Certainly he had no occasion to be dissatisfied with the ready bow of assent Lady Maud returned to his request.

With a voice that slightly trembled, he said—

"My name is Erle Gower. I am—" he stopped short. He remembered Lord Kingswood's injunction, as well as Ishmael's counsel, to be discreet. His face crimsoned, and he displayed, for a moment, the greatest possible embarrassment. Lady Maud observed it, and hardly knowing what she said, being animated by a desire to relieve his confusion, supplied the sentence which he had left unspoken, exclaiming, hastily—

"You are a family secret."

Erle became at once as white as marble, and bowed, without uttering a word.

Poor Lady Maud! she witnessed the effect of her thoughtless remark, and said, hurriedly, in order to turn the subject—

"There are other introductions, Mr. Gower, you would possibly like—"

He stopped her by remarking, a little abruptly—

"No, Lady Maud; I cast my eyes around this table, and do not see an individual whose name I care to know—save one."

He emphasised the last two words.

Lady Maud threw her eyes across the table, and responded, promptly,

"Cousin Cyril?"

"No," returned Erle, so quickly and sharply as almost to startle her.

Then he added, in a subdued manner,

"There is a person seated lower down the table than your Cousin Cyril, talking at this moment to a very voluble gentleman, who appears to be speaking to everybody, and at everything. Tell me, pray, who is he?"

Lady Maud, by a glance, discovered to whom he alluded, and her countenance at once became grave.

"Mr. Philip Avon is the gentleman's name," she replied, in a voice that showed the subject was not pleasing to her. "He is frequently here. Lord and Lady Kingswood rather like him, but Cyril—and—I—do not."

"Nor I," thought Erle, but the mention of Cyril's name rather disturbed him.

Lady Kingswood, at this moment, having lavished much attention on the Marquis of Chillingham, now suddenly appeared to remember the existence of the youth at her elbow, and entered into a lively conversation with him, which he supported with far greater readiness and skill than from his previous life could have been expected. But then he had an audience at his elbow he especially desired to possess with a favorable opinion of him, the more, perhaps, because he saw that many timid, stealthy glances, were stolen at his face by her, and those glances were not at all unfriendly in their expression.

The Marquis of Chillingham deigned to address some observations to him, and perceived that the youth did not faint at his condescension. The vicar, too, perceiving that the young stranger was a distinguished guest, also engaged him in occasional conversation. Mr. Spafforth Wilks would have done so, if he could have got at him. He resolved to abide his chance, and electrify him over his wine.

This opportunity was not, however, afforded him. Lord Kingswood had watched the actions of Lady Kingswood with inflamed eyes; he observed, too, with a mortification he could not repress, what attention the presence of Erle Gower excited. Several pointed observations, respecting the young stranger, were made to him, in order to elicit an explanation, which his lordship declined to give.

When the ladies retired, the signal for which Lord Kingswood himself gave, at a period much earlier that usual, Mr. Spafforth Wilks and Mr. Philip Avon both drew their chairs nearer to where Erle sat.

At the same moment, the stately butler sailed majestically down the room, and paused at Erle's elbow. With ineffable dignity, the pompous functionary bent over the youth's ear, and whispered—

"Lord Kingswood suggests that, as you have been unaccustomed to scenes of excitement such as the present, you should immediately, without making an observation to any one present, retire to your own room, and remain there until his lordship pays you a visit in the morning."

Erle glanced at Lord Kingswood, and saw upon his brow a sullen, moody, wrathful expression, which roused his pride.

He rose up, and walked with a firm step, and erect mien, down the room, acutely as he felt the insult conveyed in the message.

As he arrived opposite to Cyril Kingswood, the latter rose up, and with some eagerness, addressed him—

"If you are for a stroll on the terrace, I'll join you," he said.

As he quitted his chair, he moved towards the spot where Erle stood.

"Stay," thundered Lord Kingswood.

Cyril started, and turned back with an air of astonishment.

"Mr. Gower," continued Lord Kingswood, in a tone of asperity, "will retire to his own room. You will remain where you are."

Such an incident never occurred to Cyril before. Amazed, angry, he flung himself in his chair, while Erle, bowing haughtily, strode out of the room, not without seeing a malicious smile of triumph on the face of Philip Avon.

As Erle quitted the room, a dead silence prevailed. The guests looked at each other in wonder, and again the question, "Who is he?" trembled on their lips.

They were all glad to leave their wine, and join the ladies, where Lord Kingswood had the further chagrin in store for him of having to answer several queries put to him respecting the absence of Erle Gower.

In the meantime, Erle retired, with a bosom swelling and burning with indignation, to his own dreary, gloomy apartments, and there exhausted some time in fruitless wrath, and yet more fruitless speculation and schemes for the future.

One consolation he had in this dark hour of trouble, and that was the sweet face of Lady Maud, which yet shone upon him in his vision like that of an angel.

He flung himself upon his bed, and with the name of Maud on his lips, fell into a deep slumber.

As the turret-bell chimed the hour of midnight, he rose up erect in his bed, stepped on the floor, and walked, with his eyes fixed on vacancy, straight from the apartment into the next room, continuing his walk until stopped by the same obstruction as before, when he felt motionless upon the ground.

He lay without moving until the turret-bell chimed one, when he rose up, muttering—

"And must solve the wonder of Kingswood Chase."

Instinctively he turned to his bed, without taking notice of aught, until his eye encountered the face of a female, in a large portrait hanging upon the wall, upon which the moonbeams played brightly.

Then he uttered a wild cry, and buried his face in his pillow.

CHAPTER VI.

The cold, gray light of morning forced its chill beams through the diamonded panes of Erle's chamber-window ere he moved from the position in which, sobbing bitterly, he had sunk into a deep sleep.

He was not naturally of a temperament easily excited to tears, and had borne his isolation at school, with all his attending trials, wild dreamings, and strange misgivings, well and bravely. The sneers and taunts of school companions, the almost agonizing surmises which others indulged in for him, if he hesitated himself to raise them, he had met with a bold front and erect bearing, intended to give an emphatic contradiction to any unworthy suggestion respecting his origin. But it was when alone, under the gaze of no eye but that of Heaven's, that he gave way to wild and passionate bursts of grief.

He felt like a chained lion: he had heart enough to meet and dare any difficulty fate might weave for him, but here, as at school, felt himself manacled like a captive, bound to the chariot of Lord Kingswood, compelled to halt or move as he dictated, unconscious of the real nature of the prerogative by which his lordship exercised the right to govern his movements.

Such reflections as these, when alone, coupled with an acute sense of his utterly forlorn position—for he could not consider it aught else, even though he had been kindly nurtured at school, and was now in the charge and beneath the roof of a lord—produced those bitter, passionate floods of tears, which no torture could have wrung from him in the presence of others. Leaping from his trance-like sleep with a troubled exclamation, he gazed confusedly round the room, and was a minute or so before he could satisfy himself that he was in his own room.

At length his eyes rested upon the portrait facing the foot of his bed, and, heaving a deep sigh, he proceeded to attire himself, in moody thought.

He passed into the sitting room, and found there, awaiting him, Lord Kingswood's valet.

There was something peculiar in the expression of this man's face, which excited an instinctive repugnance in Erle's breast. The searching, furtive glance of his cunning eyes; the constant smile, indicative of malice rather than of amiability; the subdued voice, the cat-like tread, the motionless movements, were singly sufficient to create dislike in the bosoms of the open-minded, the frank-hearted and the honorable; but when combined they acted with infinitely greater force, especially upon such a nature as that of Erle's.

A frown settled upon the lofty brow of the pale-faced boy as he beheld him, and he said, sharply and curtly—

"Why are you here?"

"By the commands of Lord Kingswood, of Kingswood," returned the valet in a tone especially offensive to Erle. It was as though he had said—"From your master and from mine."

Erle felt the implied taunt instantly; the color rushed into his cheek and his eye brightened. He was about to make an impetuous observation, but he checked himself. Altering his manner to one of lofty coldness, he bade the valet communicate the object of his visit, and then to leave him alone.

The valet, however, in his quiet, passionless tone acquainted him that he was there at the request of Lord Kingswood to attend upon him, and that he was further ordered to remain with him until his lordship himself appeared. As he had expressed an intention of favoring him with an interview, Erle made no reply, but seated himself with but poor appetite to the breakfast prepared for him.

For some time no word passed between them, but presently the valet said, in an oily, insinuating voice—

"I am afraid you have not had a refreshing sleep, sir. You have made but a poor repast."

"Is a want of appetite a natural consequence of disturbed sleep?" asked Erle, coldly.

"You have had disturbed sleep, I perceive," returned the valet evasively. "I don't wonder at it."

"Why not?" inquired Erle, raising his eyes to the man's face.

He was rather struck by the very significant expression he perceived upon it.

The valet shrugged his shoulders.

"This portion of Kingswood Manor-house is part of the original erection, built in the time of Edward the Second, by an old baron or lord of the manor," he replied. "There are many strange stories told about this wing of the building, that sleeping apartment, and the room we sit in, in particular."

Erle started.

The valet, with a glance beneath his pent brows, perceived it, and added,

"I have no faith in such idle, superstitious stories, and I am sure that you are a young gentleman of too bold and brave a nature to permit them to have any effect upon you."

The face of Erle became a shade whiter, and he passed his hand over his temples, as though a throng of new and strange thoughts had rushed through his brain. After a slight pause, he said, in a quiet tone—

"What are the stories to which you refer."

The valet smiled; a malicious sneer curled his lip, sufficiently perceptible to be displeasing, but not so positive as to call forth a remark.

"The common people dwelling on an estate have always some wild stories respecting their lord passing from mouth to mouth. The lords of Kingswood have not been spared any more than other members of their order. So a tradition rests on the house of Kingswood."

"What is it?" inquired Erle, betraying an interest he wished to have concealed.

Again he felt vexed by the distasteful smile with which this man prepared to reply to him, but he was compelled to smother his anger by his anxiety to hear the tradition to which he alluded.

"Many, many years ago," commenced the valet. "I don't know how many, a bold baron of Kingswood earned for himself the reputation of being a very bad baron of Kingswood. He was guilty of many excesses and many crimes, but the blackest deed has reference to the lady whose portrait hangs in the adjoining room, over the hearth, and facing the foot of the bed."

Erle gave an involuntary start, and the valet, bending on him a fixed look, said,

"You have, perhaps, noticed the portrait?"

Erle bowed his head in assent, but did not make any other reply.

"It is a fair and beautiful face—that of a young, high-born lady," continued the valet, in his smooth, sleek tones; "and the atrocious, hard-hearted cruelty with which this bad Baron of Kingswood treated this fair lady, drew down upon his house a doom which, from that day to the present, clings to the members of the family."

"What is that doom?" inquired Erle, hastily.

"Ah!" ejaculated the valet, with his offensive smile drawing over his face, "that is known to the initiated alone."

"The initiated!" echoed Erle; "what do you mean?"

"Why, the tradition is, that there have been, since the death of the bad baron, a false and true heir to the house of Kingswood, one brought up within the walls, one without them," returned the valet. "That to the true heir alone the lady of the Chace will reveal herself, and how the doom shall be removed from the heirs of the race."

This appears to be a very idle, ignorant piece of superstition," observed Erle, thoughtfully.

"Well, it does so, as I have said, to the uninitiated," replied the valet, with a glittering look and a sinister grin. "As you are not an heir of Kingswood, your observation is a natural one—to me a very sensible one: but there are some curious confirmations of the story, wild as it may appear."

"What are they?" inquired Erle, somewhat coldly.

"Firstly, that no heir of Kingswood can sleep in the bed you have just quitted without seeing the spectre of the Lady Maud," returned the valet, regarding him very closely.

"The Lady Maud?" echoed Erle, with surprise.

"That is the name of the lady to whose portrait I have drawn your attention," rejoined the valet, continuing to gaze searchingly at him. "You may have observed that it bears a singular resemblance to Lady Maud, who sat next to you yesterday evening at dinner."

"I now remember that the face appeared familiar to me when I looked at the portrait," remarked Erle, rather pleased to discover that such a likeness existed.

After this it was likely to become a source of constant attraction to him, although, when this suggested itself, the cause remained hidden from him.

"There is also another matter in connection with this tradition, which is singular enough," continued the valet; "and this part is what is called 'The Wonder of Kingswood Chace.'"

"The Wonder of Kingswood Chace?" repeated Erle. "The Wonder of Kingswood Chace! Where have I heard those words—where—where—where?"

He placed his hands upon his temples, which began to throb violently, and fell into a fit of profound abstraction, from which he started at a touch from the finger of the valet, who with singular earnestness watched the varying expression of his face.

"Be good enough to hear my story out," said the valet, "there is not much more to communicate. The Lady Maud of two hundred years ago is seen at times in the Chace, sometimes pursued by a villanous ruffian, to be rescued by the heir of Kingswood, who finds that he has been doing battle with a spectre, in behalf of a phantom. I have been assured, however, by the housekeeper, who has lived two generations in the family, that the lady seen in the wood is real flesh and blood—some young, fair creature, brought up in obscurity, who turns out to be an heir of the race. It is through this young female, I believe, and by her aid alone, that the doom can be removed from the house of Kingswood."

The valet ceased to speak, but he kept his dark, treacherous-looking orbs fixed on Erle.

The latter had listened to the concluding portion of this strange story with perturbation and excitement. He recalled the incident of the previous morning, and it seemed to confirm the tradition, save that none of the actors in it were spectral. He now remembered that the face of the insensible female, of which he had caught but a glimpse, bore a remarkable resemblance to the portrait in the adjoining room, and yet did not strike him as being like that of the Lady Maud.

He determined to satisfy himself upon the point through the assistance of Cyril Kingswood.

He paced the room as these thoughts revolved themselves through his mind, followed by the inquisitive eyes of the valet.

Suddenly he paused before the black, oaken door, in the corner of the room, and as it caught his attention he stopped. A vision, a dream, seemed to present itself before him, and involuntarily he exclaimed—

"The heir of the race, by God's holy grace,
Shall solve the wonder of Kingswood Chace!"

"The very words," exclaimed the valet, with quickness; "where did you hear them?"

Erle turned to him with an abstracted look. The valet repeated his question, but before Erle could reply, the door opened, and Lord Kingswood entered the room.

He turned to his valet, and waving his hand towards the door, he said—

"Leave us, Pharisee."

The valet glided, with a low obeisance, out of the room, muttering as he went—

"An heir of the house of Kingswood by all that is marvellous. This discovery shall turn to good account for me, or I am strangely mistaken."

Erle raised his eyes to Lord Kingswood's face, and saw written there an expression that boded him no good.

His lordship was pale, his brow sullen, and his lips were compressed. He pointed to a chair, and said, in a stern, commanding voice—

"Be seated."

Erle's proud heart rebelled at the tone of the words, and the gesture which accompanied them. He obeyed, but it was with the air of one who would yield more readily to a request than to a command.

Lord Kingswood gazed long and steadfastly at the boy's pale, handsome face, before he spoke.

A change passed over his features. Probably a memory crossed him which softened his wrath, and toned down his indignation.

Aye, it was not alone a memory. Those features brought back to him many memories. He could not fail to remember, as he perused them, how many touching proofs of love, tenderness, and devotion they had heralded to him; he could not forget how much of love and truth there had been on one side—how much of passion and deceit upon the other.

The most hardened have their moments of remorse, when they would recall the past if they could. Some such touch of nature penetrated to the haughty, aristocratic heart of Lord Kingswood, and wrought a reaction in his intentions.

He drew a long breath, and paced up and down the apartment, muttering to himself. At length he approached Erle, and said—

"You have grievously offended me. I strictly enjoined you not to quit your apartment. I had especial and important reasons for not introducing you to the guests assembled at the house. I need not descend to particulars. If I had not been so influenced, I, the proper person, would have introduced you to my friends and acquaintances. It was very wrong—it was highly reprehensible to thus force yourself, under the assumption of my patronage, upon my visitors, many of them persons moving in extremely high circles—"

"Pardon me, my lord," exclaimed Erle, suddenly rising up, and interrupting Lord Kingswood. "I cannot listen to your accusation, that I forced myself into the presence of your friends, without giving it at once a proud and emphatic denial. On the contrary, the dinner yesterday evening was to me an ordeal that I would most thankfully have been spared. I was present in obedience to the especial request, I may say command, of Lady Kingswood. For all that occurred, including the responsibility attaching to it, I must refer you, by her ladyship's request, to Lady Kingswood. I am not to blame, my lord; and I cannot conclude without suggesting that the insult your lordship last night forced upon me, was as unmerited as it was cruel!"

Lord Kingswood looked at him with amazement. He was not accustomed to be thus answered, or treated in so haughty a spirit.

ERLE'S ENCOUNTER WITH TUBAL KISH.

"Boy!" he exclaimed, sharply; "do you remember who stands before you?"

"That you are Lord Kingswood I know well," returned Erle; "but I do not know what right that title empowers you with to command and control my actions—perhaps my future life."

This was a home-thrust which his lordship knew not how to parry. He felt at a loss how to reply. Erle proceeded—

"It is a piece of information I seek most earnestly, most solicitously. I ought to know wherefore I am to be implicitly guided by your counsel, and to yield unreserved obedience to your commands. Once prove to me that you justly possess that right, and I will be as faithful and obedient to your wishes as though I were your own son."

Lord Kingswood turned instantly scarlet, then white. He walked to the further end of the apartment to conceal his embarrassment.

As he reached it, the open door of the sleeping chamber enabled his eye to rest upon the portrait of the Lady Maud, respecting whose unrest Erle had heard so strange a tale.

His face, figure, mien, suddenly underwent an extraordinary change. He stood for a moment paralyzed, as though his eyes glared upon a spectre, then every limb in his frame became convulsed, and froth bubbled from his lips.

He clutched at a chair for support, and cold drops of sweat rolled down his livid brow.

He tottered rather than walked to Erle; he pointed to the room, and clutching him by the wrist, he said in a low, hoarse voice—

"You slept within that chamber?"

"Twice I slept within that chamber," replied Erle, suddenly feeling a strange and awful thrill creep over his frame.

"Tell me—tell me of your visitation!" exclaimed Lord Kingswood, in a loud, unearthly whisper, his eyes starting as if they would spring out from their sockets.

Erle pressed his hands over his eyes as if to think. With startling abruptness he withdrew them, and his eyes, settling on vacancy, became round as marbles, his brow contracted, his lips quivered, and speaking in a low, musical tone, as if under inspiration, he said—

"I dreamed that I stood in the midst of waving trees, the green sward stretched from beneath me far and wide, but everywhere dark shadows fell upon it from umbrageous boughs, and golden streams of sunlight shot through interstices and openings of the green tracery of leaves, and so from out an alley there bounded a white fawn, its neck bedecked with many a trailing wild flower, intertwined with luxuriant leaves. It paused, looked back as if watchfully, and then bounded on again, so that it was soon lost to my eyes. Then there came forth from the same alley a youth and a maiden. He wore the dress of a hunter, and she the flowing robes of a time long past. She leaned upon his arm, and looked up in his eyes lovingly and confidingly. They paused beneath the purple shade of a quaint old oak, whose guarled arms extended many a yard, forming a canopy between them and the blue vault of Heaven. The youth sunk upon one knee and addressed her beseechingly and imploringly. She turned away and wept, and ever as she averted her face, did he grow more pressing and urgent in his pleadings, and at length she placed her fair hands upon his shoulders, and bending over him imprinted a timid kiss upon his forehead. He leaped to his feet and caught her in his arms. A large bird at the instant darted from the deepest recesses of the old oak, and with a wild shriek, flew upwards and away. For a moment the maiden gazed at it affrightedly, but she clung to the arm of the youth, and then they slowly disappeared.

"Then the sunlight began to change from golden to crimson, and the purple shadows to deepen; and over the whole scene there spread a sanguine hue, until the air seemed hot, oppressive, and the grass to reek with blood. My flesh crawled, and my hair rose slowly up, for a piercing, wild, passionate, yet intensely mournful shriek, pierced my brain. I could not move, for my feet felt as if they were riveted to the spot on which I stood. Now the crimson tints faded, the air grew cold, the green leaves and greener sward became of a pale blue color, long streams of silver light burst through the openings of the branches and of the leaves, and I knew the moon was shedding its fair beams over the land, and that it was night. I saw—I saw—BEHOLD!"

His glassy, rigid eye, suddenly turned towards the door of the sleeping chamber, and his head moved slowly away from it, as though his eyes were following some passing object. He remained silent until his face had turned from right to left. Then his lips quivered, his limbs trembled, and he fainted in the arms of Lord Kingswood.

It would be impossible to depict the expression which passed over the nobleman's features as he listened with silent but intense excitement to Erle's narration, and when the youth fainted, he nearly fell senseless himself.

He succeeded, after a strong effort, in retaining his own senses, and with them sufficient presence of mind not to ring for assistance.

He hastily laid Erle upon the floor, procured some cold water from the table, and raising his head upon his knee, he bathed his temples carefully and kindly.

"He is my son, a Kingswood. The heir of the race. This event hath proved it," he muttered in accents of deep emotion. "He is *her* son too; see how her beauteous features are here repeated."

He gazed upon him with unequivocal signs of affection, and then despairingly covered his eyes with his hand.

"Almighty Heaven! what a terrible position is this in which I am placed! What can I do? I dare not disown, discard him; fate would rise up against me; and yet Cyril—Lady Kingswood. What is to be done? I am distracted. Would to Heaven this had never happened."

How many a criminal has uttered the same fruitless wish, when trammelled by the consequences of some evil act, and with as little efficacy as Lord Kingswood!

A deep sigh bursting from the breast of Erle announced returning animation, and then Lord Kingswood raised him to his feet, and seated him upon a chair, but he had scarcely done this, when Erle sprung up, and gazed in a disordered manner around him.

"Where am I?" he asked, with a vacant stare at the face of Lord Kingswood.

"You have had a sudden attack of the nerves, which, for a few moments, has rendered you unconscious. These apartments are not suited to you; you shall be removed at once from them."

Returning intelligence gleamed in Erle's eyes.

"I remember all now," he said, in a thoughtful tone.

"And let me most urgently entreat of you to retain what you now remember, closely sealed within your own breast, for, though but a wild, unmeaning dream, it may lead to idle gossip, and absurd and lying rumors, in which ignorant and superstitious minds are too fond of indulging."

Erle gazed firmly at him.

"This that I have seen, my lord, is no idle, unmeaning dream!" he exclaimed, with peculiar emphasis.

"Think of it what you will," returned Lord Kingswood, hastily. "You must perceive that it is no subject for repetition. Let me warn you to be careful how and to whom you may reveal it. More danger attaches to its thoughtless circulation than you can imagine. Be advised as well as cautioned by me. Forget it!"

Lord Kingswood paused thoughtfully for a moment, and then added—

"As you have encountered, and, indeed, mixed with my family and friends, it will be better that I should at once introduce you to them as Mr. Gower, the orphan son of an officer, who died, and committed you to my care as his oldest and most attached friend living.

"But am I the son of such a man?" inquired Erle, eagerly.

Lord Kingswood heaved a deep sigh. He raised his hand deprecatingly.

"Be content with this. You may learn all some day."

As he concluded, the door silently opened, and Lord Kingswood's valet glided in.

Lord Kingswood started as he found him at his elbow.

"What now, Pharisee?" he exclaimed, hastily.

"I am desired by Lady Kingswood, to say that her ladyship, Lady Maud, Mr. Cyril, and Lord Chillingham, are about to have a stroll in the park, and her ladyship would be gratified by the attendance of your lordship and Mr. Gower, but, that if it be inconvenient to your lordship to join the party, her ladyship trusts nothing will be suffered to prevent Mr. Gower obliging them with his presence."

Lord Kingswood bit his lip, and a shade of displeasure crossed his face. Suddenly his brow cleared.

"It is better thus," he muttered. "Pharisee, return to her ladyship, and say we will join her party. Come, Gower," he added, turning to Erle. "You shall accompany me. Let me exhort you to be discreet and reserved; answer no pointed or impertinent queries put to you by any person whatever, and something bright may yet be in store for you. Pharisee shall find you other rooms than those you now occupy, brighter, newer, more cheerful, and you will then be released from the imaginary visions produced by a fevered and disturbed brain."

He offered his arm to Erle, who took it gladly, a cheerful smile playing on his lips.

Not at what had fallen from the lips of Lord Kingswood, but that in his mind's eye, he saw the sweet face and fair form of the Lady Maud awaiting his coming on the velvet lawn stretching like a soft, green carpet, in front of Kingswood Manor-house.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Cold in the head isn't half so common as cold in the heart, but it is a great deal oftener complained of.

☞ "Pray, madam, why did you name your old hen Macduff?" "Because, sir, I want her to 'lay on.'"

☞ The sun rises and sets; the moon waxes and wanes; stars and planets keep their constant motions; the air is tossed by the winds; the waters ebb and flow, to their conservation and purification no doubt, to teach us that we should ever be in action.

☞ Not merely upon the field of battle, but also upon the consecrated soil of virtue and upon the classic ground of truth, *nameless* heroes must fall and struggle to build up the foot-stool from which history surveys the *one* hero whose name is embalmed, bleeding, conquering, and resplendent.

☞ A foreman of a grand jury in Missouri, after administering an oath to a beautiful woman, instead of handing the Bible, presented his face and said, "Now kiss the book, madam!" He did not discover his mistake until the whole jury burst into a roar of laughter.

☞ It is not to be wondered at that disputes about opinions are generally made up of personalities, for a man's opinions are a part of himself.

☞ Children are less astonished than adults at seeing a man seven or eight feet high. They are in the constant habit of *looking up* at people, and it costs them no trouble to look a little higher at a giant.

☞ Washington Irving leaves a large fortune to be divided amongst his nephews and nieces. For the last eight or ten years he had probably received from his books alone an annual average income of $18,000.

☞ Lord Braxfield, a Scotch judge, once said to an eloquent culprit at the bar, "You're a vera clever chiel, mon; but I'm thinking ye wad be nane the waur o' a hangin'."

☞ Envy is like a fly that passes all the body's sounder parts and dwells on the sores.

☞ Madame de Stael says, there is often in the heart some innate image of the beings we are to love, that lends to our first sight of them almost an air of recognition.

☞ When you forgive the man who has pierced your heart, he stands to you in the relation of the sea-worm that perforates the shell of the muscle, which straightway closes the wound with a pearl.

☞ It is the privilege of the lover to be at one and the same time in two situations. When beside his mistress, he is also *beside* himself.

☞ All men look to happiness in the future. To every eye heaven and earth seem to embrace in the distance.

☞ DUELLING.—Great acquired skill with the weapons of the duel, in the days of Henry IV., was considered such a mark of cowardice and of trying to gain an unfair advantage, that those who practised for the duel did so covertly.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Andrew G. Curtin (People's Party) has been elected Governor over Foster (Democrat) by a majority of about 32,000. A very large vote was cast—estimated at about 500,000.

The Congressional Delegation stands 21 Republicans to 4 Democrats, as follows:—

District.	*District.*
1 John M. Butler, R	14 Galusha A. Grow, R
2 E. Joy Morris, R	15 James T. Hale, R
3 John P. Verree, R	16 Joseph Bally, D
4 Wm. D. Kelley, R	17 Edw'd McPherson, R
5 W. Morris Davis, R	18 S. S. Blair, R
6 John Hickman, R	19 John Covode, R
7 Thos. B. Cooper, D	20 Andrew Stewart, R
8 S. E. Ancona, D	21 Jas. K. Moorehead, R
9 Thaddeus Stevens, R	22 Robert McKnight, R
10 Jno. W. Killinger, R	23 William Stewart, R
11 Jas. H. Campbell, R	24 John Patton, R
12 Geo. W. Scranton, R	25 Elijah Babbitt, R
13 Philip Johnson, D	

The election of Mr. Butler is disputed by Mr. Lehman (Douglas Dem.) on the ground of a false return. The seat doubtless will be contested by him. The judge who made the return has been bound over on a charge of forgery.

Both branches of the Legislature are Republican—the Senate standing 25 Republicans to 8 Democrats, and the House 67 Republicans to 33 Democrats—insuring the election of a Republican U. S. Senator in place of Mr. Bigler (Democrat.)

In Philadelphia City the majority for Foster (Democrat) for Governor, was 1,886. The Bell vote ranged from 4,800 to 5,500. The People's Party elected their city ticket by an average majority of about 2,300.

OHIO.—The Republican majority on the State ticket is about 20,000. In the Congressional delegation the Republicans lose three members and gain one—making the delegation stand 14 Republicans to 7 Democrats.

INDIANA.—The Republican majority on the State ticket is supposed to be about 15,000. The Congressional delegation stands as before, 7 Republicans to 4 Democrats. The Legislature is Republican.

MARYLAND.—At the election in Baltimore, for Mayor, the Reformers defeated the Americans by a majority of 8,196. The whole vote cast was 27,346. The election was perfectly orderly. A body of about 300 Americans were so dissatisfied with the result of the election, that they marched in procession to the Republican head quarters and declared their adhesion to that party.

NEW JERSEY.—At the city election in Newark, the Republicans elected their city ticket, casting 4,500 votes against 3,500 Breckinridge and Bell fusion ticket, and 2,500 for the Douglas Democratic ticket.

FLORIDA.—The Democratic (Breckinridge) Governor and Congressman are elected by about 1,500 majority.

NEBRASKA TERRITORY.—The election for Delegate and Legislature is still doubtful—both parties claiming the Delegate. The House is Republican by a small majority, while the Council is probably Democratic.

STRAIGHT OUT DECISION.—The Democratic Executive Committee of this State have adopted a resolution rescinding the action of the said Committee at its meetings in Philadelphia and at Cresson, and recommending the Democrats of the State to support the Electoral Ticket as adopted by the Democratic State Convention at Reading, on March 1st.

Amendatory resolutions providing for the appointment of Committees to confer with the Constitutional Union and Douglas parties, were rejected.

DINNER-GIVING.—Why must we make food-giving the staple of hospitality, and translate into our life of the streets the essential virtue of the desert? In wild countries, and in country places, where you have long distances to go, it is needful to make food one of the primal conditions of kindly intercourse; but here, in cities, where at every ten yards you can buy a dinner for half a crown, this ostentatious feasting of our friends, as an emblem of hospitality, is a sad mistake. And if even we still insist on the rule of dining together, which, as a kindly and familiar matter, has something on its side, too, yet why must we always give dinners quite beyond the ordinary manner of living, both of ourselves and of our guests?—*The London Review: edited by Dr. Charles Mackay.*

DR. ARNOLD, when at Lalehem, once lost all patience with a dull scholar, when the pupil looked up into his face and said, "Why do you speak angrily, sir? Indeed, I am doing the best I can." Years after the doctor used to tell the story to his own children and say, "I never felt so ashamed of myself in my life. That look and that speech I have never forgotten." Is not this a very suggestive fact for many parents and teachers, and for masters, too, who are of times impatient and unreasonable with youths of this class.

☞ At a recent festive meeting, a married man, who ought to have known better, proposed, "The ladies," as "the beings who divide our sorrows, double our joys, and treble our expenses."

NEWS ITEMS.

ON the 6th inst., the steamship Connaught, of the Boston and Galway line, when about 150 miles from Boston, sprung a leak in the engine room, and in spite of the great efforts of all on board, the water gained rapidly; in a short time fire was discovered, and the captain immediately lowered his boats and filled them with passengers. About 12 o'clock the brig Minnie Schiffer saw the signals of distress flying; she immediately bore down and took everybody on board, amounting in all to about 600 persons. Nothing was saved but the mails and the clothes which the passengers had on their backs.

IN the law regulating the sale of ardent spirits in Nebraska, is the following punishment for violation—"The Justice shall render judgment for the whole amount of fine and costs, and be committed to the common jail until all is paid."

THE English Earl of Kingston has been declared a lunatic, and his estates put into the hands of a commission. Previous to his being placed in confinement, he had twice made the attempt to walk naked through the streets of London. When in court he made a serious disturbance, and threatened to sue the court for half a million of pounds for insulting the House of Lords in his person. It is hinted by some of the London papers, that there has previously been a tinge of insanity in the family, and the recovery of the unfortunate man is, therefore, comparatively improbable.

A NEW YORK PAPER estimates the numbers in the various Wide Awake associations in the North, as four hundred and fifty thousand.

AN individual was recently admitted as an inmate of the workhouse in county Galway, Ireland, who, seven years ago, possessed an income, rode in his scarlet coat after the hounds, and kept fast horses. He is said to be the third in the list of gentlemen who have, within a few years, been forced to take refuge in the workhouse from poverty induced by reckless extravagance.

DEATH OF A TENNESSEE HERMIT.—The McMinnville (Tenn.) New Era mentions the death, on the 23d ult., of David West, at the age of 78. He was a soldier of the war of 1812, but for many years past had lived in the hollow of a large poplar tree, in the opening of which he had fitted a rude door, and supported him by the manufacture of chairs, boxes, cider mills, &c.

THE Mormons must be peculiarly happy in the possession of certain privileges which their "prophet" freely accords them; for instance, the following which we find laid down in a recent discourse by Brother Brigham:—"The woman that says, 'I will follow my husband to hell,' will have the privilege. The man that says, 'I will follow a woman to hell but what I will have her,' will have the privilege of following her there. It is a disgrace to a saint to love anything that he would not drop or forsake for his religion."

NOVEL DIVORCE CASE.—An odd divorce case was decided in the Supreme Court in New York on Wednesday, adverse to the fair plaintiff, who had a fancy that she could never marry a man who had been divorced from his wife, but did so finally without knowing it. The judge held that she had a right to indulge this fancy, but it does not follow, because she was deceived, and induced unknowingly to marry a divorced man, that she should be indulged in such a fancy afterwards to the extent of having her marriage judicially declared void. He could find neither precedent or principle for declaring such a marriage void.

WE rejoice to learn that three Artesian wells, dug in a desert near Yarna, en route for San Francisco, yield an abundant supply of good water.

SILK CULTURE IN CALIFORNIA.—The culture of silk will soon be added to the industrial pursuits of California. It is ascertained that the climate is warmer and more applicable to the culture of the silk worm than that of France, where they succeed admirably, and that the silk worm of Japan will stand the best chance in that climate. It is not susceptible to the cold, is hardier, more healthy, more easily fed, and yields a better species of cocoon.

PAPER IN EUROPE.—In anticipation of a large demand for paper from England, companies are being formed in France for the purpose of constructing mills on a larger scale than any that have hitherto existed in that country.

AN unpleasant scene took place in Walnut street on Friday of last week. Mr. George Presbury, the landlord of the Girard House, had some altercation with one of the Messrs. Edwards, who, it appears, in the course of the argument struck Mr. P. with a cane, upon which Mr. Presbury drew a pistol and fired twice. Nobody was much hurt. All parties were held to answer.

RESIGNED.—A well known conductor on the Pennsylvania railroad—Henry May—has resigned his situation, after ten years' service. The conductors, since the late peculations upon the road, are now required to take an oath that they will act honestly. Mr. May disliked the idea of the required obligation, and resigned in consequence.

"TURNED UP" AGAIN.—Capt Chas. Henry Arnaud de Riviere, who has figured somewhat prominently before the American public, has finally turned up in his old role of the warrior. At last accounts De Riviere was a captain in Gen. Lamoriciere's army, fighting for the Pope against the Sardinians.

THE PRINCE.—The Prince, on the 12th, visited the New York University, Cooper Institute, Free Academy and Central Park, where he planted two trees. He also visited the High Bridge, and then dined with the Mayor. Soon after leaving the hotel, a crazy Englishman used threatening and insulting language to the Prince, who paid no attention thereto. The man was arrested. No weapons were found upon him, although some say he threatened to shoot the Prince. The latter statement is, however, denied by other bystanders.

"CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES."—A poor blacksmith held a small piece of land on a creek in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, and with difficulty obtained a living for his family. After the oil fever broke out, he devoted his spare time to boring, and recently obtained a good show of oil. The blacksmith's good luck was soon noised abroad, and his family, of course, soon became objects of interest to the neighbors. His eldest daughter—a bouncing lass of eighteen—attended meeting last Sunday evening, and soon attracted the notice of all the "eligible" young men, the best dressed of whom presented himself to the damsel at the close of the meeting, with a request to be permitted to see her home. With a look, intended to impress the bold youth with a proper sense of the importance of her improved prospects, she haughtily replied, "Nonsense! You can't come that! *Dad has struck ile.*"

☞ PREPARATION FOR DEATH.—Death is the most certain of events. That it will come, no one can question; but when, no one can decide. The young behold it afar in the future; the aged regard it still at a distance; but both are smitten suddenly as a bolt from the cloud—a serpent from the brake—or a shaft from an unseen quiver. There is no safety, therefore, save in that habitual preparation which nothing can deceive, and nothing surprise.

FOREIGN NEWS.

PROPOSED FRENCH INTERVENTION—IMPORTANT IF TRUE.

LONDON, Sept. 29th.—The Paris correspondent of the Daily News says that, on Thursday, a Privy Council was held at St. Cloud, at which it is understood that a proposal of Gen. De Guyon, to augment the French Army of Occupation of Rome to 20,000, and, as some say, to put down Garibaldi, was discussed. It is to be feared that the result was a decision which will lead to a bloody war, and at the best, put an end, for a long time to come, to all hope of the regeneration of Italy.

Marshal Valliant leaves Paris to take command of the French army of Italy, and he will speedily be followed by two divisions. Simultaneous with this news, it is stated more positively than ever that the Pope has made up his mind to leave Rome. What possible excuse can there be for the French invasion of Italy? Every French newspaper now cries out on Garibaldi. He has just formed at Naples a *Red* Ministry, but the term *red* does not in Italy mean Republicanism, but distrust of France.

Lord John Russell's note to Sir Jas. Hudson, British Minister at Turin, expresses the fear that the attacks against the Roman States and the Kingdom of Naples may lead to an attack upon the possessions of Austria in Venetia. If the King of Piedmont was not at liberty to accept the preliminaries of Villa Franca and treaty of Zurich, now that he has pledged his royal word, he is not at liberty to attack a nation with which he promised to live in peace and friendship.—Should such an event occur, Italy would again be exposed to all chances of uncertainty.

Garibaldi has consented to the request of the deputation of Venetians to publish a journal in Naples for the purpose of exciting the people of Venetia to a general rising. He told them that the present war was the only national one which could give them a country. Our battles are so many marches in our progress to the Alps, on the summits of which alone we will stop. He authorized them to act as an association for the purpose of raising subsidies for all kinds of insurrectional war making.

The King's soldiers at Gaeta had demolished the residence of the French Consul, under the pretence that there was a connivance between him and Garibaldi. The Consul was absent at the time.

A formal order had been given to the Piedmontese commander to avoid a conflict with the French, and even a discussion of any point whatever with the French commander.

It is said that Farini is to retire, as a compromise between Garibaldi and the Cavour administration.

The commander of the Fort of Bala, near Naples, still resist and threatens to blow up the fortess.

TURIN, Sept. 28.—Farini accompanies the King to Florence and Bologna.

A Sicilian deputation is expected to-day to pay homage to the King.

The remainder of the military contingent of 14,000 men has been called under arms.

The Paris correspondent of the Times says the belief gains ground that the Pope will quit Rome, and that Spain will be his destination.

The Papal garrison at Ancona capitulated to the Sardinians on Saturday the 29th.

Gen. Lamoriciere was taken a prisoner of war, together with the whole garrison.

It was asserted that the Pope's ultimatum for France threatens that he will quit Rome at once unless France interferes to stop the progress of the Sardinians.

A majority of the Cardinals are reported to have recommended the Pope's departure.

Additional French troops had been ordered, and the French outposts had been placed two miles beyond Rome.

The repulse of the Garibaldians at Capua is fully confirmed. One account says they lost four hundred killed and wounded, and three hundred prisoners. Their positions were nevertheless maintained, and the attack renewed in force.

The King's troops are reported to number 50,000, and he is determined to show fight.

The Garibaldian Ministry at Naples has resigned on account of the preponderance of Beelaine.

Signor Conforte was about to form a new Ministry professing extreme opinions.

It was reported that Lamoriciere, after his late defeat, returned to Ancona with a considerable number of troops, and was thus captured with the town.

The text of Lord John Russell's warning to Sardinia, not to attack Venetia, is published.

CAVOUR AND GARIBALDI.—The *Unita Italiana* publishes the text of Garibaldi's letter to M. Brusco, the substance of which was forwarded by telegraph. It is dated Naples, 15th ult., and is as follows:

My Dear Brusco: You assure me that Cavour gives out that I agree with him, and that he is my friend.

I can assure you that, although I may be disposed to sacrifice all personal resentment on the altar of my country, *I will never reconcile myself with men who have humiliated the national dignity, and sold an Italian province.*

GARIBALDI.

Garibaldi ordered this letter to be published in the official journals.

The great question of the moment is, what is the nature and extent of the quarrel, and what the probabilities of a reconcilement between Garibaldi and Cavour? Upon the solution of this problem it is, perhaps, not too much to say that the destinies of Italy now hang. *It is stated, on good authority, that Kossuth has written a letter to the Dictator, strongly urging him to act in concert with Victor Emmanuel and his Cabinet,* in whose hands is the salvation of Italy, to take no step against Rome, for fear of irritating France, and to abstain from agitating Hungary at present, because the country is not ready. Advice from such a quarter is likely to be most respectfully listened to, for Kossuth relies ultimately upon the support of Italian patriots to aid the work which he proposes to accomplish in Hungary.

The great game is being played between Cavour and Garibaldi. It is presumed that within another fortnight *one or the other must disappear from the political arena in Italy, if this unhappy country is to be spared the horrors of civil war.* Garibaldi is at the present moment at the height of popularity; he can dispose of an army of 50,000 men. Public opinion is blindly devoted to him. On the other hand, Count Cavour is strong in the confidence of Parliament; popularity has not yet forsaken him. Piedmont, properly speaking, defends him, and Turin especially.

GREECE.—Letters from Athens announce a demonstration by the students in front of the King's palace, with cries of "Down with King Otho"—"Down with Austria." There were also some cries of "Napoleon forever!"

CHINA.—The dates from Shanghai are to Aug. 2d. The Rebels had taken Want-seing city, in the silk districts. An American named West undertook to recapture Shinghoo, but failed and was wounded.

The Allies left for the Peiho on the 25th of July. They were to take the Taku forts before treating with the Chinese. The French division were to make a landing at Pehtang.

A severe engagement had occurred with pirates, in which 200 were slain, and two European leaders captured.

A TENNESSEE DEER PARK.—A Nashville (Tenn.) correspondent of the Rochester Union and Advertiser discourses as follows:—

"We have visited two estates near Nashville, both of which are worthy of notice. The first is that of Gen. Harding, a gentleman of large hereditary wealth, whose extensive lands are situated five or six miles from this city. I cannot now remember how many acres he possesses; his park alone contains 800 acres. We here saw between 200 and 300 deer, which on our approach displayed all their native attitudes and habits, and scampered away, fleet and graceful; also a herd of elk, between which and us a magnificent buck of the same species kept moving on guard, with such evident impatience, and with such an ominous tossing of his long pointed antlers, that we took another direction, as we were well convinced that these, his natural weapons of warfare, were long enough and sharp enough to reach through and beyond our carriage. His predecessor in the patriarchal honors of the herd, we were informed, showed himself so combative and dangerous to visitors, that his horns were sawed off as a precaution of necessity; but, after taking this mutilation to heart, or being unable any longer to maintain his position against his younger competitors by force, the old fellow abdicated his throne, and now passes his days in retirement. It was curious to notice that while the deer proper all ran at our approach, the elks, of a closely kindred species, considered themselves safe while their male guardian kept a guard on line between them and us. In this same park we came upon a social gathering of about thirty buffalo, consisting of bulls, cows, and calves, the juniors basking lazily in the sun, and the old patriarchs chewing their cuds with great gravity and a look of infinite wisdom."

ENTERTAINING "DEVILS" UNAWARES.—We scarcely open a paper in our numerous exchanges without finding a notice of an elopement—some girl running off with a married man—some destruction to the hopes and prospects of a poor young woman, and inconsolable grief to her family. Is it not time to ask ourselves whether all the blame should rest on the shoulders of the abducted? In this country no female is carried off by violence. She goes with her own accord, persuaded, no doubt, to elope; but there is no violence used. Why will not parents in towns and villages be cautious in extending hospitality to itinerant strangers? The very worst consequences have resulted from this misplaced confidence in entire strangers, who come unknown, unheralded—single or married. A travelling dentist, mesmeriser, or singing master, is sure to be received with open arms, while the young men of the village, well known are neglected and cast aside. It is from this cause that we see so many wives eloping and single girls ruined. A little caution, a little inquiry in making these persons inmates in families, would prevent many domestic calamities. Surely a young woman, properly and piously educated, need not be in such a hurry to marry the first man that asks her, or run away with the first fellow who is willing to carry her off. No honest man runs away with a girl, for he can marry her with her parents' consent, if his character is good.

DIPTHERIA.—The Cincinnati Press gives the following cure for this dangerous complaint:—

"In the early stages of the complaint, which is always accompanied by a soreness and swelling of the throat, let the patient use a simple solution of salt and water, as a gargle, every fifteen minutes. At the same time moisten a piece of flannel with a solution of the same kind, made warm as the patient can bear it, and bind it around the throat, renewing it as often as the gargle is administered, and in the meanwhile sprinkling fine salt between the flannel and the neck. Use inwardly some tonic or stimulant, either separately, or if the prostration be great use both together. This treatment, as may be seen, is extremely simple, and, if used in the earliest stages of the disease, will effect a complete cure."

☞ When Sir John Carr was at Glasgow, in 1807, he was asked by the magistrates to give his advice concerning the inscription to be placed on Nelson's monument, then just completed. The knight recommended this brief record:—"Glasgow to Nelson." "True," said the bailies, "and as there is the town of Nelson near us, we might add—'Glasgow to Nelson, nine miles,' so that the column might serve for a monument and a milestone."

☞ A man in love has very little need of victuals. So if your landlady doesn't give you enough to eat, fall in love with her daughter.

☞ Pat O'Flaherty said that his wife was very ungrateful, for "when I married her she hadn't a rag to her back, and now she's covered with 'em."

☞ Every man is the son of his own work—That accounts for the existence of so many shabby folks. Their meanness is hereditary. One bad job came of another.

☞ The Fall River Press relates an odd *affaire du cœur*, which lately occurred in that city. Two young ladies fell equally and deeply in love with a gentleman who visited them frequently. Being mutually acquainted with each other's passion, and being withal strong friends, they romantically resolved to "draw lots" to decide which should have him. The fortunate one lost no time in making known to him the result of the drawing, and he then informed her that he was already engaged to a third lady.

☞ A couple of sailors were recently arrested for throwing buckets of tar over each other. It was a pitch-battle.

☞ The surname of the royal family of England, Guelph, is pronounced "Welf."—*English Paper.*

☞ It is said the Japanese consider our ladies lacking in refinement. They think the pretty creatures need a little Japan polish.

☞ Many a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from turning a rascal, when it is only a full stomach. One should be careful and not mistake potatoes for principles.

☞ It was a fine saying of Lord W. Russell, who was beheaded in the reign of Charles II., when on the scaffold, he delivered his watch to Dr. Gilbert Burnet, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury:—"Here, sir," he said, "take this—it shows *time*. I am going into eternity, and shall no longer have any need of it."

☞ GENIUS.—Voltaire held that it is only a very slight line of separation that divides the man of genius from the man of ordinary mould; and if this be so, that stolid Englishman might not have been so very far wrong after all, who, on the sculptor Canova's death, inquired of his brother whether it was "his intention to carry on the business?"

THE PRINCE'S VISIT.—The following story of the Prince at the opera in this city, is probably "cut out of the whole cloth," but as it will please our young lady readers, we give it:—

THE PRINCE LOSES HIS HEART.

Vague stories have been told of the young Baron's attachments in this country. The latest of these finds its scene in this city. Why the Prince moved from his magnificent quarters in the private box to the balcony centre was not understood. It was, in fact, speculated upon to a considerable extent as a singular and somewhat erratic whim. It is now said that there was a lady in the case, and as follows:—

Miss S., superbly attired, and very beautiful, had taken a balcony seat not far distant from the centre of the tier. When Albert Edward came in, she was the first to rise to the thrill of Patti to "God save the Queen," and scarcely had the chorus sank and the curtain fell, before her glass was levelled at his young highness. So continued, indeed, were her attentions that the Prince was attracted, and to be attracted toward Miss S. was to be infatuated. Thenceforth, in every pause of *Martha*, the Prince's glass was levelled at Miss S. The Duke of Newcastle, to whom such frailties on Albert Edward's part have become things of ordinary occurrence, suggested that seats had been provided for the royal party in the centre of the tier. Then, at Albert Edward's request, the Duke and suite removed. It is said that the Prince visited Miss S. on the night in question, at the invitation of her father, a leading citizen. It is moreover said that Mr. and Miss S. are the only Philadelphians beyond the Mayor who have been honored by the royal grasp, and that, after a delightful half hour passed in the lady's company, the Prince left her with a jewelled locket, and expressed his choicest terms of admiration. Is this all fiction? So we have heard the tale.

EXTRAORDINARY SUICIDE.—The son of Mr. Bradbury, of the eminent firm of Bradbury & Evans, of London, printers and proprietors of Punch and other well known publications, has recently committed suicide in a remarkable manner. He went to Cremorne Gardens and spent the evening in the amusements of that celebrated place. Towards the close of the entertainment he procured silver for a ten pound note, and going to the front of the dancing platform, scattered it amongst the crowd. He then called for a glass of grog, and having emptied into it a phial of prussic acid, made a speech, proposed the health of the company, drank off his glass, and alas! fell dead in the midst of that scene of wild riot and confusion. He was a young man of great ability and promise, and very recently was presented with a gold watch by the Emperor of the French, in acknowledgment of the value of an improvement he had made in printing. It is lamentable to see a valuable life thus recklessly cast away.

THE Toronto Leader, the official organ of the Canadian Government, announces that the Grand Trunk Railway Company is on the eve of a tremendous financial catastrophe—the Barings having taken steps to recover advances amounting to millions of dollars. Reports derogatory to the financial standing of the company have, for some time, been in circulation. The Leader intimates a possibility of the stoppage of the road.

☞ Let your daily duties be undone, and you will soon be so yourself.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74	112½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	102	102½
" " new	105¾	106
" 5 "	84	—
Phila 6 pr ct.	75	—
" " coupon	69	—
All'gy City 6 pr ct,	65	75
" County	49	50
Penn 6 pr ct,	102	—
" 5 "	97	97½
Tenn 6 "	91½	92
" 5 coupon	82	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct,	—	104½
Missouri "	80½	—
Ohio " 1895	103¾	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct,	98½	99
Virginia "	91	91½
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct bonds	91½	92
N Y City 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	140	—
Philadelphia	123	—
Far & Mec	58	—
Commercial	51	52
N Liberty	60	—
Mechanics	27½	—
Southwark	30	—
P Township	36	—
Kensington	66	—
Girard	49½	50
Western	66	—
Man & Mec	27½	—
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	45¾	—
Consolidation	52½	—
Commonwealth	59	62
Corn Exchange	27	27½
Germantown	36	—
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	72	—
Exchange "	58	—
Kentucky, Ky	120	—
Northern "	125	—
Louisville "	112	—
Farmers "	120	—
Planters, Nash, Tenn	98½	99
Planters "	100	—
N O Gas Light	—	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	24	25
Lehigh Zinc	—	31
New Creek	1	1
New Granada	—	—
N America Ins'co	17	20
N Liberties Gas	—	30½
Southwark and Frankford R R	48	—
Bonds	92	94

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR		
1st mort bonds	103	—
2nd "	91	90
" stock	41¾	42
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1884	—	110
" stock	132	—
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	96	99
mort 6's '44	—	91¾
" '84	75¾	76
" stock	23½	—
Lehigh Valley R R		
mort 6 pr ct	94	95
" stock	59	59
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	44	—
6 pr ct loan, '80	97½	98
Ches Val R R '73	35½	—
Tioga R R	26	95
Willims & Elmira		
7's 1st mort	70	71
2nd "	10	—
stock	2	21
Catawissa	14	1
Beaver Meadow stock	64½	—
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn's R R stock	10	10½
6 pr ct loan	73½	—
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	48½	—
6 pr ct loan	97	102
Minehill R R	77	—
Har & Lan R R stock	50½	51½
bonds '82	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	18	—
Long Island R R stock	18½	—
bonds	83	85
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	85½	86
Michigan Central	47½	48
Illinois "	86½	87
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '32	75½	75½
imp. 6 pr ct	30	—
stock	9	9½
preferred	24	24½
Lehigh Nav stock	—	56
mort 6 pr ct	100½	—
scrip	41½	42
Morris Consol'd	66½	64½
preferred	115	116
Ches & Del bonds	78	—
Union	1	—
bonds	19	—
Sus & Tidewater	2	4
bonds, 1878	17	26

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, October 13, 1860.

PENNSYLVANIA.
Solv bks par to 4-10 dis
NEW JERSEY.
Solv bks par to ⅝ dis
DELAWARE.
Solv bks par to ½ dis
MARYLAND.
Baltimore par to ½ dis
Solv bks ⅝ dis
NEW YORK.
Solv bks par to ½ dis
MAINE.
Solv bks ⅝ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Solv bks ½ dis
VERMONT.
Solv bks ½ dis
CONNECTICUT.
Solv bks ½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.
Solv bks ½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.
Solv bks ⅝ dis
VIRGINIA.
Solv bks ½ dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.
Solv bks ½ dis
NORTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks ¾ to 1¼ dis
GEORGIA.
Solv bks 1 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks 1 dis
ALABAMA.
Solv bks 1 to 2 dis
MISSISSIPPI.
All bks uncertain
LOUISIANA.
Solv bks 1 dis
OHIO.
Solv bks 1 dis
KENTUCKY.
Solv bks 1 dis
INDIANA.
State Bank 1 dis
ILLINOIS.
Solv bks 1¼ dis
MISSOURI.
Solv bks 2 dis
TENNESSEE.
Old bks 1½ dis
MICHIGAN.
Solv bks 1½ dis
WISCONSIN.
Solv bks 1½ dis
TEXAS.
Commercial and Agricultural Bank, Galveston — dis
IOWA.
State bk 1½ dis
KANSAS.
Kansas Valley bk 5 dis
MINNESOTA.
Bank St Paul 5 dis
CANADA.
Solv bks 1 dis
FLORIDA.
State bk 2 dis

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHNSON & TREANOR, Nashville, Tenn.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There has been very little inquiry for Flour this week. The sales for shipment reach about 6000 bbls, in small lots, at $5,81½@5,75 for mixed and straight superfine, $5,81½ for selected do, $5,75@6 for extra, $6@6,50 for extra family, and $6,75 for fancy lots. Rye Flour is but little inquired for and dull at $4,25. Corn Meal is also inactive, but steady at $3,50 ₱ bbl for Pennsylvania Meal, and a small business doing at that figure. The receipts and stocks of both continue light.

GRAIN.—The markets has been fairly supplied with Wheat. Sales embrace about 40,000 bus, at from 125 to 136c for common to good and choice reds, the latter for Delaware, mostly however, at 130@132c for good Pennsylvania, and Western, including white at from 130 to 150c for common and choice quality. Rye is dull, and the sales have been in a small way only at 75@77c for Delaware, 80c for Penna, and 80@82c for Northern. Corn has been arriving and selling more freely, and prices are steady. Sales include about 25,000 bus in lots at 73@74c for good and prime yellow, 70@72c for fair quality, the latter for Western mixed, and 72@74c for white, as in quality. Oats have been dull and drooping, and some 20,000 bus found buyers at 35@36c for Southern, and 36@37c for Pa, the latter for prime lots. Barley and Malt are quiet, with sales of the former within the range of 85@90c.

PROVISIONS.—The stocks of all kinds are very much reduced, and the market is steady, with a small business to note in Mess Pork at $19,50@20, and City Mess Beef at $12@14 ₱ bbl, as to quality. Bacon is moving off in lots as wanted, principally to go South, at 11½@12c for Sides, and 9½@10c for Shoulders, usual terms. Hams are scarce and selling at 13@14c, the latter for fancy cured. Of green Meats the stock is about exhausted, and we hear of no sales. Lard is selling in a small way at 12c for tcs and bbls, and 13 13½c for kegs. Butter continues dull; we quote packed at 10@11c, and Roll at 12@14c, as in quality, and the demand limited. Cheese is firm at 11@11½c for New York, and about the usual business to note. Eggs are steady at 16c ₱ doz.

COTTON.—The market has been rather firmer since the close of last week; some 1500 bales have been disposed of, partly on speculation, at from 5½ to 12½@13c for inferior to ordinary, middling and middling fair Uplands and Gulfs, cash and time; the bulk of the sales were for Uplands.

BARK.—There is very little Quercitron offering, and prices are better. A few small lots of 1st No 1 have been picked up at $27@27½ ₱ ton, at which rate it is badly wanted. No change in Tanners' Bark, and very little offering or selling.

BEESWAX.—Some 3000 lbs have been disposed of at 34c ₱ lb.

COAL.—There are not many new orders coming in, and the market is quiet, most of the old ones having been filled: prices, however, are unchanged, and the market moderately active for the season.

COFFEE.—The market is steady, but the want of stock limits operations, and about 2500 bags Rio have been disposed of in lots, chiefly from other markets, at from 14½ to 15c on time, mostly at the latter rate for prime quality. In other kinds the sales have been limited.

COPPER.—The market continues dull, and Yellow Metal is selling in lots at 19½c, six months.

FEATHERS are moving off as wanted at 49@50c @ lb, for good Western.

FRUIT.—Green Apples are abundant, and selling at $1,50@2,50 ₱ bbl, as in quality. Cranberries are quoted at $10@15 ₱ bbl. Dried Apples are quoted at 3½@4c; Pared Peaches at 10@12c; [illegible] at 6@8c, and but little doing in the way of sales.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HIDES.—The firmness of holders operates unfavorably on the trade, and a few small sales only are reported at fully former rates.

HOPS are quiet at the advance, new crop Eastern and Western selling in a small way at 28@35c ₱ lb.

IRON.—There is some little inquiry for future delivery, but generally at a price below the views of makers, most of whom are sold up, and only some 500 tons Anthracite have been disposed of at $22½ for No 1, and $21½ for No 2, on time. Scotch Pig is also quiet. Of Blooms, a sale was made at $60, usual terms. Bars and Rails move off as wanted at previous rates.

LEAD is rather firmer, and 1000 pigs Virginia sold on terms kept private.

LEATHER.—The market is firm, with a light stock of heavy Sole and Slaughter to operate in, and prices are fully sustained and firm; common stock, however, is plenty and rather dull.

LUMBER.—Business is about as active as usual at this season, and prices without any quotable change, White Pine selling at $14@17; Yellow Sap $13@15, and Lehigh Hemlock Boards at $10@10½; a cargo of English Laths sold at $1,80 ₱ M, and Pickets at $6@7, as to size; Cypress Shingles are selling in lots at $13@14 for 2 feet, and $20@21 for long do.

MOLASSES.—The market is without any material change, but dull, and the sales are confined to a few small lots, mostly Cuba, within the range of quotations.

PLASTER.—There is not much offering, and sales are reported at $2,70 ₱ ton.

RICE is quiet, and a limited business to note at 4½@5c ₱ lb; the stock is very light.

SEEDS.—Cloverseed comes in slowly, and some 1200 bus, all offered, found ready sale at $5,75@6 ₱ bus, mostly at the latter rate for prime new crop. Sales of 20 tons were made from second hands, on terms we could not learn. Timothy is less active, and steady at $2,75 ₱ bus. Domestic Flaxseed is selling at $1,62@1,63 ₱ bus, but rather dull at these rates.

SPIRITS.—Brandies are firm, but no sales have been made from the wharf. Gins are in steady demand. Of Rum the sales are light, at 33@34c for N E. Whiskey is dull, and selling in a small way at 22½@23c for Penna bbls, 23@23½c for Ohio do, 21½@22c for Drudge, and 23½c for hhds.

SUGARS.—The market is firmer, but not very active, and only some 500 hhds have been disposed of at 6⅝c for low grade Porto Rico, and 6¾@7½c for Cuba, mostly of the former. 1300 boxes also sold at 6½c, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW.—Moderate sales of country are making at 9¾c. City rendered is quoted at 10@10¼c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO is unchanged, with about the usual business to note, in both Leaf and Manufactured.

WOOL.—The market is firm but inactive, with a small business only to notice in fleece and pulled, at steady prices. The demand as yet is principally for the low and medium grades, and fine fleece is neglected.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 2368 head. The prices ranged from $7 to 9 ₱ cwt; a few extra prime bringing $9,25. Sheep—3500 head were sold at from 3 to 9c ₱ lb for dressed, and 4½c live weight. Hogs—1817 head were sold. Still fed brought from $7,50 to 8,50, and corn fed $8 to 8,75 ₱ cwt.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Oct. 13.—FLOUR firm has advanced 10 to 15c; 33,000 bbls sold; the market closed unsettled and excited; $5,40@5,50 for State; $5,85@6,00 for Ohio; $5,85@6,10 for Southern. Wheat is excited, and the advanced 3 to 5c; 150,000 bus sold; Milwaukee Club, 1,32@1,33c; red Western 1,40c; white 144@155. Corn buoyant; 40,000 bus sold; mixed 71@72c. Pork steady. Lard dull. Whiskey held at 24½c, and buyers off 24c.

☞ 5,000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell five new inventions—one very recent, and of great value to families. ALL pay great profits to Agents. Send four stamps, and get 80 pages particulars. EPHRAIM BROWN,
oc20-cow3t Lowell, Mass.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At the Church of the Epiphany, in this city, on the 10th of Oct. instant, by the Rev. Mr. Cracraft, Mr. M. DWIGHT MUNGER, to MARY T. daughter of the Hon. Z. Barton Stout, of Canandaigua, N. York.

In New York, on Tuesday, Oct. 9th, by the Rev. Dr. Osgood, WILLIAM STANLEY HASELTINE, to HELEN, daughter of Josiah Lane, Esq. of this city.

At Bristol, Pa., Oct. 4, 1860, by the Rev. J. W. Pierson, OSCAR W. VEZIN, of Philadelphia, to ALLIE R. youngest daughter of Hezekiah King, of the former place.

At Fort Monroe, Virginia, on the 4th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Chevers, Capt. JOSEPH ROBERTS, U. S. Army, to Miss ADDIE C. daughter of Col. Dimick, U. S. Army.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. A. F. Jenkins, SAMUEL T. LLOYD, to Miss MARY A. GILES, both of this city.

On the 26th of June, 1860, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. WILLIAM H. YOUNG, to Miss MARY E. daughter of the late John and Mary Rudolph, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, JAMES KERN, in his 80th year.

On the morning of the 11th instant, MAGGIE, daughter of Jacob Dock, and wife of George H. Shaw, of New York.

In New York, on the 9th instant, HENRY TOLAND, Jr. son of Henry Toland, Esq. formerly of this city.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. ANN MCCARTHY, aged 91 years.

On the 8th instant, ABRM. RITTER, aged 68.

On Friday evening, Oct. 5, 1860, after a lingering illness, JOHN R. ELLETT.

On the morning of the 5th instant, REBECCA G. daughter of Joseph and Mercy Cresson.

Suddenly, on the 5th instant, Mrs. MARGARET ALLEN, wife of the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, of this city.

Suddenly, on the night of Oct. 6, SUSAN GREER, wife of John Parker, in her 60th year.

On the 6th instant, JACOB BURKE, aged 60.

On the 6th instant, ANN WETHERILL, daughter of the late Jos. Wetherill, aged 80 years.

On the 6th instant, MARY E. wife of Wm. Fry, in her 74th year.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. Dr. N. D. THOMAS, in her 56th year.

On the 8th instant, Miss LYDIA A. V. PHILLIPS, in her 20th year.

HINTS TO INVENTORS.

MESSRS. MUNN & CO., Editors of the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN,

having had upwards of fifteen years' experience in soliciting Patents at home and in foreign Patent Offices, have published a

MANUEL OF ADVICE HOW TO SECURE Letters Patent, which they will forward by mail, free of charge.

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EVERY

Wit and Humor.

ARTEMUS WARD SEES THE PRINCE OF WALES.

At last ive had an interview with the Prince, tho it putty nigh cost me my vallerable life. I cawt a glimpse of him as he sot on the Pizzaro of the hotel in Sarnia, & elbowed myself threw a crowd of wimin, children, sojers & Injins that was hangin round the tavern. I was drawin near to the Prince when a red faced man in Millingtery close grabbd holt of me and axed me whare I was going all so hold?

"To see Albert Edward the Prince of Wales," sez I; "who be you?"

He sed he was Kurnal of the Seventy Fust Regiment, Her Majesty's troops. I told him I hoped the Seventy Onesters was in good health, and was passin by when he ceased hold of me agin, and sed in a tone of indignant cirprise:

"What? Impossible! It kannot be! Blarst my hize, sir, did I understan' yu to say that yu was actooally goin into the presents of his Royal Hines?"

"That's what's the matter with me," I replied.

"But, blarst my hize, sir, its unprecedented. It's orful, sir. Nothin like it hain't happened since the Gun Powder Plot of Guy Forks. Owdashus man, who air you?"

"Sir," sez I, drawin myself up & puttin on a defiant air, "Ime a Amerycan sitterzen. My name is Ward. Ime a husband & the father of twins, which Ime happy to state they look like me. By perfeshun Ime a exhibiter of wax wurks & sich."

"Good God!" yelled the kurnal, "the idee of a exhibiter of wax figgers goin into the presents of Royalty. The British Lion may well roar with rage at that thawt!"

Sez I, "Speakin of the British Lion, Kurnal, Ide like to make a bargin with you fur that beast fur a few weeks to add to my Show." I didn't meen nothin by this. I was only gettin orf a goak, but you orter hev seen the old Kurnal jump up & howl. He actooally foned at the mouth.

"This can't be real," he shoutid. "No, no, it's a horrid dream. Sir, you air not a human bein—you have no existents—yure a Myth!"

"Wall," sez I, "old hoss, yule find me a rather onkomfortable Myth ef you punch my inards in that way agin." I began to git a little riled, fur when he called me a Myth he puncht me purty hard. The Kurnal now commenst showtin fur the Seventy Onesters. I at first thawt Ide stay and becum a Marter to British Outraje, as sich a course mite git my name up & be a good advertisement fur my show, but it occurred to me that if any of the Seventy Onesters should happen to insert a barronet into my stomich, it mite be onpleasant, & I was on the pint of runnin orf, when the Prince hisself kum up and axed me what the matter was.

Says I, "Albert Edard, is that yu?" & he smilt & sed it was. Sez I, "Albert Edard, hears my keerd. I cum to pay my respects to the futer King of Ingland. The Kurnal of the Seventy Onesters hear is ruther smawl pertaters, but of course you ain't to blame for that. He [illegible] and he war the Bully Boy with the glass eye."

"Never mind," sez Albert Edard, "Ime glad to see ye, Mister Ward, at all events," & he tuk my hand so pleasunt like, and larfed so sweet that I fell in love with him to onct. He handed me a segar & we sot down on the Pizzarro & commenst smokin rite cheerful.

"Wall," sez I, "Albert Edard, how's the old folks?"

"Her Majesty & the Prince are well," he sed.

"Duz the old man take his Lager Beer regular?" I inquired.

The Prince larfed & intermatid that the old man didn't let many kegs of that beveridge spile in the sellar in the coarse of a year. We sot & tawked there sum time about matters & things, & bimeby I axed him how he liked bein' Prince as fur as heed got.

"To speak plain, Mister Ward," he sed, "I don't much like it. I'm sick of all this bowin & scrapin & crawlin & hurrain over a boy like me. I wood rather go threw the country quietly & enjoy myself in my own way, with the other boys, and not to be made a Show of to be garped at by everybody. When the people cheer me I feel pleased, fur I knew they nteen it, but if these one-hors offishols cood know how I see threw all their moves & understan exactly what they air after, & knowed how I larft at em in private, theyd stop kissin my hands & fawnin over me as they now do. But you know, Mister Ward, I can't help bein a Prince, & I must do all I kin to fit myself fur the persishun I must sumtime ockepy."

"That's troo," sez I, "sickness and the doctors will carry the Queen orf one of these dase, sure's yer born."

The time heven arove fur me to take my departur I rose up and sed: "Albert Edard, I must go, but previs to doin so I will observe that you soot me. Yure a good feller Albert Edard, & tho Ime agin Princes as a gineral thing, I must say I like the cut of yure Gib. When you git to be King try and be as good a man as yure muther has bin. Be just & be Jenarus, espeshully to showmen, who hev allers bin aboozed sins the days of Noah, who was the fust man to go into the Menagery bizness, & ef the daily papers of his time air to be bleeved, Noah's collekshun of livin wild beests beat annything ever seen sins, tho I mak bold to dowt ef his snaiks was ahead of mine. Albert Edard, adoo!" I tuck his hand which he shook warmly, & given him a perpetooal free pars to my show, & also parses to take home for the Queen and Old Albert, put on my hat and walkt away.

"Mrs. Ward," I sollilerquised, as I walkt alone, "Mrs. Ward, ef you could see your husband now, jest as he prowdly emergis from the presents of the futur King of Ingland, youd be sorry you call him a Beest jest becaws he come home tired 1 nite and wanted to go to bed without taking orf his boots. Youd be sorry for tryin to deprive your husband of the priceless Boon of Liberty, Betsy Jane!" A. WARD.

TIRED OUT.—A three-year-old nephew of one of my friends had finished his usual prayer at his mother's knee, when she said, "Now, Willie, pray for your grandfather and grandmother." He did as directed. "Now for your aunts and uncles." "And now for all your cousins." His petitions went up singly for each class. "And now, Willie, pray for all the world," said his mother. Weared out, perhaps, by the length of his exercises, he immediately exclaimed, "Ma, it's just as much as I can do to pray for *my own* 'lations."

A KENTUCKY ANECDOTE.—The Christian Advocate gives the following characteristic anecdote of an old Kentuckian, long familiar with hunting and border warfare, who, being present at a conversation where Maffit's name was mentioned in connection with other distinguished Methodist ministers, exclaimed—"I tell you what it is, gentlemen, say what you please about your Bascoms, and Waughs, and Caperses, but in the big day coming, Maffit will bring up as many *skelps* (scalps) as any of 'em."

A MODEL WILL.—The following is a copy of a will left by a man who chose to be his own lawyer:—"This is the last will and testament of me, John Thomas; I give all my things to my relations, to be divided among them the best way they can. N. B.—If anybody kicks up a row, or makes any fuss about it, he isn't to have anything. Signed by me, "JOHN THOMAS."

GOING FURTHER AND FARING WORSE.—A minister being threatened with deprivation, said to some of his flock, that if he were "deprived," it would cost a hundred men their lives. On being asked what he meant by such a threat, he explained that if he lost his benefice he should set up as a doctor, and, if so, he had no doubt he should be the death of at least a hundred patients.

REARING CHILDREN.

1. Children should not go to school until six years old.

2. Should not learn at home during that time more than the alphabet, religious teachings excepted.

3. Should be fed with plain substantial food, at regular intervals of not less than four hours.

4. Should not be allowed to eat anything within two hours of bed-time.

5. Should have nothing for supper but a single cup of warm drink, such as very weak tea of some kind, or cambric tea or warm milk and water, with one slice of cold bread and butter—nothing else.

6. Should sleep in separate beds, on hair mattresses, without caps, feet first well warmed by the fire or rubbed with the hands until perfectly dry; extra covering on the lower limbs, but little on the body.

7. Should be compelled to be out of doors [illegible] *greater part of daylight*, from after breakfast until half an hour before sun-down, unless in damp, raw weather, when they should not be allowed to go outside the door.

8. Never limit a healthy child as to sleeping or eating, except at supper; but compel regularity as to both; it is of great importance.

9. Never compel a child to sit still, nor interfere with its enjoyment, as long as it is not actually injurious to person or property, or against good morals.

10. Never threaten a child: it is cruel, unjust and dangerous. What you have to do do it, and be done with it.

11. Never speak harshly or angrily, but mildly, kindly, and when really needed, firmly—no more.

12. By all means arrange it so that the last words between you and your children at bed-time, especially the younger ones, shall be words of unmixed lovingness and affection.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

IMPARTIALITY.

People who dodge through the world endeavoring to be friends with everybody, saying nothing which expresses a strong conviction, lest somebody else of an opposite conviction should be troubled; people who slip and slide quietly over all rough places are either those who have an honest, instinctive shrinking from all difference, or those who glide along, as snakes do on the banks of the rivers, in the slime. Neither class is impartial—one has no opinion from sympathy and tenderness; the other has none from the lowest fear and selfishness. But the Judge who, having heard all sides, declares finally and solemnly, "Let justice be done though the heavens fall," he is impartial.

Hence in every country where public questions are decided by the popular will, a cowardly position is often called an impartial one. In every important debate there can be, of course, but two sides; and men who are sincerely interested in the subject of difference will inevitably range themselves upon one side or the other. And this for the sufficient reason that one will help and the other hinder the movement. To say that both sides are indiscreet and foolish—that they do not always do the best thing in the best way—is merely to complain that the cars in the train are not as perfect as you could wish. If the cars are going where you wish to go, you are only ridiculous if you remain behind for no better reason than that. Individuals are not always responsible for every action of the mass with which they move.

☞ Think of a city containing seven thousand widows and fourteen thousand orphans, and you have an idea of Beyrout as it was at last accounts.

DELIGHTS OF TROUTING.

Brown (excited).—"Hi, Jones!—Net! Net! Net!—Make haste, or I shall lose him!"

Jones (who is rather giddy and nervous).—"Eh!—Ah!—Right!—To be sure!—Yes!—I—I—I—I'm coming—as fast—as—oh! dear—as possible!"

JAPANESE LITTLE FOLKS.

The Hon. Frank Hall, who is now in Japan, speaks thus favorably of the Niphonese children:—

During more than a half year's residence in Japan, I have never seen a quarrel among young or old. I have never seen a blow struck, scarcely an angry face. I have seen the children at their sports, flying their kites on the hill, and no amount of intertangled strings or kites lodged in the trees provoked angry words or impatience. I have seen them intent on their games of jack-stones and marbles under the shaded gateways of the temples, but have never seen an approach to a quarrel among them. They are taught implicit obedience to their parents, but I have never seen one of them chastised. Respect and reverence to the aged is universal. A crying child is a rarity seldom seen. We have nothing to teach them in this respect out of our abundant civilization. I speak what I know of the little folks of Japan, for more than any other foreigner have I been among them. Of all that Japan holds there is nothing I like half so well as the happy children. I shall always remember their sloe black eyes and ruddy brown faces with pleasure. I have played battledore with the little maidens in the streets, and flown kites in the fields with as happy a set of boys as one could wish to see. They have been my guides in my rambles; shown me where all the streams and ponds were, where the flowers lay hid in the thicket, where the berries were ripening on the hills; they have brought me shells from the ocean and blossoms from the field, presenting them with all the modesty and a less bashful grace than a young American boy would do. We have hunted the fox holes together, and looked for the green and golden ducks among the hedge. They have laughed at my broken Japanese and taught me better, and for a happy, good-natured set of children, I will turn out my little Japanese friends against the world. God bless the boys and girls of Niphon!

CONSOLATION.—How admirably Tennyson described true consolation in those well-known lines—the Widow and Child:

Home they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry;
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took a face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
"Sweet, my child, I live for thee."

LORD BYRON'S LAST!—The late Lord Byron's boot-last, about nine inches in length, narrow, high at the instep, and generally of symmetrical shape, has been presented to a Nottingham (England) society. His lordship's shoemaker says the bard had not a club foot, as is generally stated, but that it was formed the same as the other, except being exactly an inch and a half shorter. The malformation was in the ankle, which was very weak: consequently the foot turned outward. To remedy this his lordship wore a very thin boot, tightly laced, under his stocking. In his early life he wore an iron, with a joint at the ankle, which passed down the outside of the leg, and was fastened to the sole of the shoe. The calf of that leg was much smaller. It was the left leg.

(Signed) WILLIAM SWIPT, cobbler.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.—Beautiful things are suggestive of a purer and higher life, and fill us with a mingled love and fear. They have a graciousness that wins us, and an excellence to which we involuntarily do reverence. If you are poor, yet pure and modestly aspiring, keep a vase of flowers on your table, and they will help to maintain your dignity, and secure for you consideration and delicacy of behavior.

THE TRUE BLUE.—Everybody has heard the designation "true blue" applied to Presbyterians. Dr. Murray, in his speech before the Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, at the tri-centennary celebration, thus playfully refers to its origin:

"I have often been asked why we are called "true blue." I did not know how to answer. But I asked a Scotchman. "Well," said he, "when we were persecuted the ministers used to go to the mountains, and when they were going to have a communion they held out a blue flag, which was an invitation to the people of the country around to attend; and their descendants are called 'true blue' from that." That is one explanation, but I have found out another for myself. A few years ago I was in Naples and Rome, and went to Pompeii, where I spent some time among its splendid frescoes of variegated hues. All the other colors had faded away, but the blue was as bright as at the day it was put on, although it had been buried for nearly two thousand years. The true blue never gives out—that is the meaning of it."

Agricultural.

TREES ON THE PRAIRIES.

It is quite refreshing to meet with such remarks as emanate from practical men like Charles Downing, of Newburgh. This gentleman is a brother of our friend, A. J. Downing, whose memory has become a watchword among agriculturists. He urges upon the prairie farmers the planting of their boundaries or division lines, with belts of trees of from twenty to one hundred feet in width, and promised that they would find it to their advantage and comfort. "In a few years," says Mr. Downing, "they may be thinned out for firewood or timber." The objection as to their expense he answers, by stating that elms, ash, maples, beech, birch, linden, alder, &c., may be imported by the thousand, through the agents, at a merely nominal price. He advises that the ground should be thoroughly worked a year previously to planting, and well worked through the summer, with or without a crop, as may be most convenient, the following spring. The small trees may be put out six feet apart, those which make largest growth, such as elms, should be planted on the back line, and other kinds so graded as to have the lowest growing inside, or front. The last or inside line, should be generally planted with evergreens, and small plants may be obtained cheaply. Osage orange, locust, and chestnut being fast growers, would be desirable to mix with the above kinds. He further suggests that seeds be procured of any of the fast growing varieties of trees, that they should be in the garden one year, and then transplanted into belts or screens. The disappointments consequent upon this plan, however, causes him to recommend the purchase of the imported trees.

"The quickest mode," he states, "of obtaining a screen for protection would be, to obtain some of the free and strong growing varieties of the willow, such as Salix trianda, *S. Bavreidgii, S. Turpurea*, etc., which grow from forty to sixty feet high, and very rapidly in deep, moist soils. They are very suitable to much of the prairie land. These, however, would not in the end be so available for general purposes as elms, maples, etc., but would make their growth in about half the time. For profit and quick growth, there is, probably, nothing equal to the common yellow locust (*Robina Pseudacacia;*) it will not only make a fine belt for protection in a short time, but for fencing-posts, and durable timber, (especially for ship building) nothing equals it, and it has always commanded a high price."

Mr. Downing is of the opinion that a portion of the Western prairies might be planted with it as a profitable investment. In large, open expanses of country, such as occur on the prairies, these belts of trees must prove particularly useful. Nothing can withstand the accumulated gales of those districts, when left without the means of arresting the velocity of the wind.—*Working Farmer.*

BARRELS FOR FRUIT.—Everything in contact with fruit should be clean and sweet, and the vessel in which it is placed should be dry and tight. Old flour barrels should not be used unless well washed and dried, as the particles of flour left in the barrel will mould and impart to the fruit an unpleasant odor and flavor. Old lime barrels, it is said, are excellent for this purpose—the lime absorbing the vapor and gases. If this is so, a little fresh slaked lime scattered on the bottom, sides and top of the barrel, would be beneficial.—*Genesee Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

CASTOR OIL.—One drop of the essence of bitter almonds will communicate an agreeable taste and smell to an ounce of the castor oil of commerce, and will not, at all effect its medicinal action. Persons taking this medicine should order it to be thus flavored.

IMPROVEMENT IN SOAP.—The wife of an American agriculturist has been experimenting in soaps, and finds that the addition of three quarters of a pound of borax to a pound of soap, melted without boiling, makes a saving of one-half in the cost of soap, and three-fourths the labor in washing, improving the whiteness of the fabrics; besides, the usual caustic effect is thus removed, and the hands are left with a peculiar soft and silky feeling, leaving nothing more to be desired by the most ambitious washerwoman.—*Farmer and Visitor.*

POTATO CAKES.—Take cold mashed potatoes and mix about the same quantity of milk, and warm slightly, so as to dissolve the potatoes nicely; then thicken with unbolted wheat flour a little thicker than ordinary griddle cakes, and bake on a smooth griddle, with a very little butter, till a nice brown, and I think you will not fail to relish them. —*Sibyl.*

TO MAKE OPEDELDOC.—Take the best castile soap, two ounces; gum camphor, one ounce; alcohol, one pint—mix the soap with the spirits, and let them stand in a moderate heat until the soap is dissolved, occasionally shaking the vial; then add the camphor, and continue to shake the vessel frequently until the whole is dissolved. Useful in sprains, bruises, and in rheumatic pains.—*Rural New Yorker.*

☞ Two workmen, passing a nicely-cushioned carriage, which was waiting for one of the great Manchester cotton lords at his counting-house door, one said to the other, "Bill, I'm darnt if I shouldn't loik to have a drive out in that 'ere fine coach." "Then thee get in, Jack," was the reply, "and they'll very soon drive thee out."

WATER CISTERNS.

Every farm establishment should be provided with a capacious and conveniently located water cistern. If the farm buildings are numerous and compactly situated, a very small expenditure will answer for the construction of all the apparatus requisite for conducting the water from the roofs into the reservoir, which, for greater convenience, should be located in some place where it may supply the wants of the animals in the yards during winter, as well as the household.

The convenience and value of such an arrangement will be particularly obvious during seasons of protracted drought, or accidents from fire. In the latter emergency, where recourse is had to ordinary wells, too much time is expended in drawing or pumping, especially when the fountain is at a considerable distance below the surface; but a cistern being situated more superficially, with regard to its contents, is at all times within immediate reach, and may be made to pour forth its treasures at a moment's warning. By furnishing troughs where the water is required, a system of pipes will be found highly convenient, as through them the water may be conveyed, in any quantity, and at all times, to the yards or places required.

Good and substantial reservoirs, perfectly water tight, may be formed of split stone, brick, plank, or even without either, the interior surface as well as the bottom being covered with two or three coatings of cement. We have known them made by cementing directly upon the earth, but in our climate of penetrating frosts, such would not be the best way. They may be made square, oval or round; but made in the form of an egg, they are very strong, and require no "deck" or top covering, as the opening in the top may be only a little larger than a man's body, so that he can enter it occasionally to clean it out.

In a cistern constructed in this manner, the water will soon become clear and fit for family use, if the roofs of the buildings upon which it falls are kept ordinarily clean. Where there is a good cistern at, or near the house, there is a feeling of safety and comfort, which one can scarcely have without it, and these pleasurable emotions are considerably heightened by the fact that it is an economical arrangement for supplying water. But the cistern has another recommendation of more value than either of these, viz:—It provides the women with those indispensable conveniences, without which we do not believe a good, genial temper and a pervading harmony can long exist in the household. Men build their fine barns, purchase their mowing machines, newly-modeled ploughs, &c., and too often leave the women to go ten rods and draw water with an old creaking sweep from a forty foot well, or allow them to chop the wood with which to cook the breakfast, or keep the children warm. Nothing tends more to good order and serenity of temper in the house, and the comfort and economy of all its affairs, than the existence of the numberless and nameless little conveniences which enable each one to perform his or her part of the household duties with facility and ease—and among them all, none is more important than *a plenty of pure soft water near at hand.—N. E. Farmer.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 46 letters.

My 27, 24, 18, 22, 11, 15, 20, 14, is a city of the United States.
My 8, 32, 40, 6, is a river of England.
My 22, 4, 18, is a firth of Scotland.
My 31, 8, 33, 10, 16, 42, 20, 26, is a volcano of Oregon.
My 23, 12, 17, 23, 35, 21, is a mountain of South America.
My 20, 30, 44, 33, 43, 20, is an island of Asia.
My 14, 7, 19, 28, is a lake of British America.
My 46, 36, 6, 22, is a cape of New Zealand.
My 19, 29, 31, 8, 42, 3, 25, is a sea of Asia.
My 37, 39, 1, 25, 31, is a gulf of France.
My 30, 5, 28, is an oasis of the Great Desert.
My 21, 25, 6, 12, 20, 6, is an archipelago of Oceanica.
My 35, 4, 8, 31, 35, 21, 39, is a strait of Japan.
My 35, 5, 26, 31, 34, 6, 26, 23, 41, 2, 34, is one of the United States.
My 8, 15, 35, 2, 39, is a bay in the Gulf of Mexico.
My 9, 4, 38, 45, is a county of Georgia.
My whole is the first verse of the shortest chapter in the Bible. SOL. HALL.

Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 24, 7, is a pronoun.
My 4, 7, 6, 6, 19, 3, is an officer in a bank.
My 6, 12, 24, 14, 23, 1, 13, 12, is a beverage drank in hot weather.
My 8, 10, 6, 16, is a river in the Western States.
My 8, 22, 9, 8, 14, 15, 20, 17, 19, is a city in Central America.
My 7, 4, 15, 3, is a noted mount in Europe.
My 24, 1, 9, 5, 6, 25, 8, are exported from Tripoli.
My 10, 11, 2, 23, 15, is a city in Ohio.
My 18, 14, 24, 13, is a city of Europe.
My 2, 19, 21, is a river in the Southern States.
My whole was the device and motto on a noted flag in the Revolution.

Cincinnati, Ohio. W. H. W.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is found deep in the ground;
'Tis useful to all, both great and small.
In time of war and in time of peace,
Its usefulness will never cease.
If you should be in a ship at sea,
My next you'll declare is useful there.
My whole is used to find the weight
Of things whose bulk is not very great.

GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Men stand quite few that are indeed
My first with other folks,
Though they pretend, their evil deeds
Is proof it's all a hoax.

When winter's cold and chilly breath
Sweeps over bluff and hill,
My next you'll find as cold as death,
In the murmuring brook and rill.

[illegible] you all may bear in mind,
And 'tis no use to fret,
My whole through life you'll always find
Is always hard to get.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. S. J. SIMMONS.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If a red hot metal ellipsoid, the transverse and conjugate diameters of which are 20 and 10 inches respectively, be applied to a wooden one of the same dimensions, so that the transverse of the metal one be in a right line with the conjugate of the wooden one, and burn into the centre of the wooden ellipsoid, how many cubic inches of the wood would be consumed?

Pittsburg, Pa. A. B. D.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If 10 men in 12 days can dig a cellar of 20 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 6 feet deep, when the days are 15 hours long; in how many days can 12 other men dig another cellar that is 16 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 8 feet deep, when the days are only 12 hours long; and also, provided that these last mentioned men work one-third faster to what those 10 first mentioned men did work at the digging of their cellar? PETER.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the greatest virtue in a sea captain? Ans.—Wrecklessness.

☞ Why is a French franc of no value compared with an English shilling? Ans.—Because it is worth-less.

☞ What five letters form a sentence of forgiveness? Ans.—I x qq u.

☞ Who were the first newspaper subscribers mentioned in Scripture? Ans.—Cain and Joshua, for Cain took A-Bell's Life and Joshua ordered the Sun.

☞ What is the difference between an accepted and a rejected lover? Ans.—The one kisses his misses, and the other misses his kisses.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—"The Argentine Confederation, formerly called Buenos Ayres." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The horrible slaying of Christians in Syria. CHARADE—Cowslip. DOUBLE REBUS—Damascus, Holyland. TRANSPOSITIONS—Stewart, DeKalb, St. Clair, Morgan, Grundy, Washington, Taylor, Edwards, Van Buren, Christian, Medina, Coles, Marion, Newton, Lewis, Laporte, Orange, Rock, Atchison. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—45 7-16 cts.

The answer to Artemas Martin's PROBLEM, published August 18th, should be 252 instead of 152 perches, (a printer's error.)

Answer to Nathan B. Spencer's PROBLEM, published August 25th. He worked 12 days, was idle 44 days. Answered by J. H. Leonhard, Pine Grove; Albert M. Martin, Sugar Grove, Pa.; J. F. Humes, Manor Dale, Pa.; Artemas Martin, Venango Co., Pa.; Thos. J. Prickett, Edwardsville, Illinois; John Bell, Jr., Brownsville, Ohio.